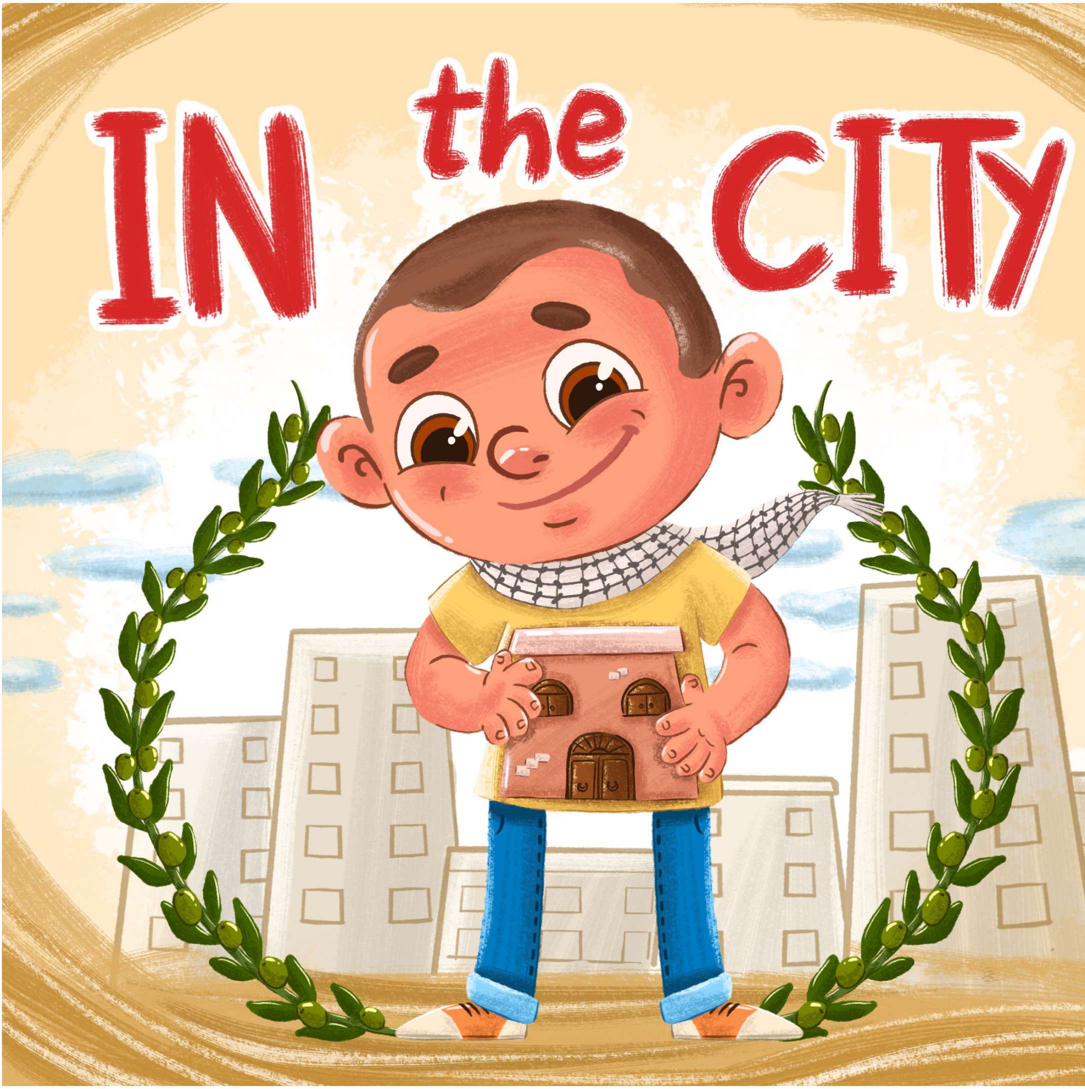
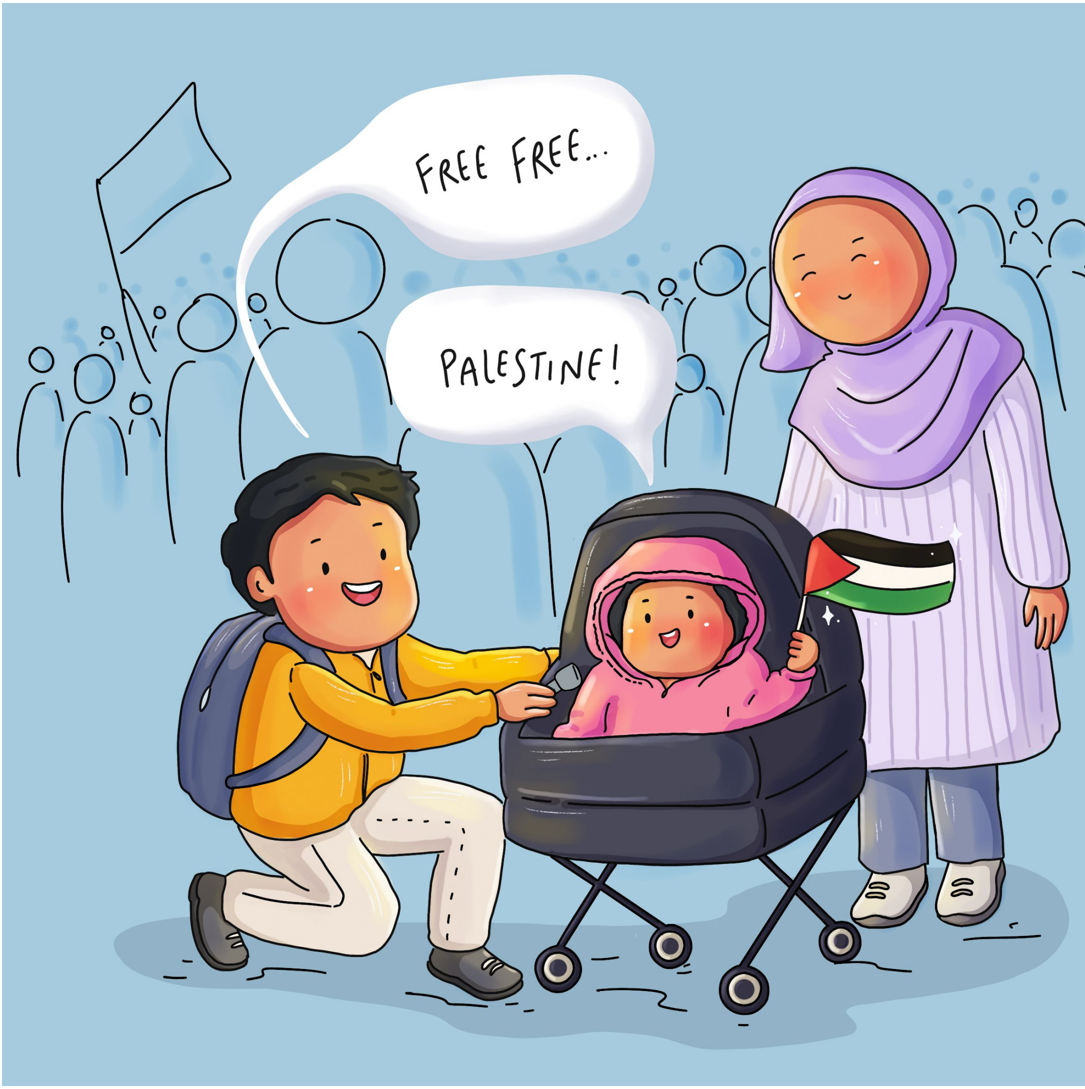
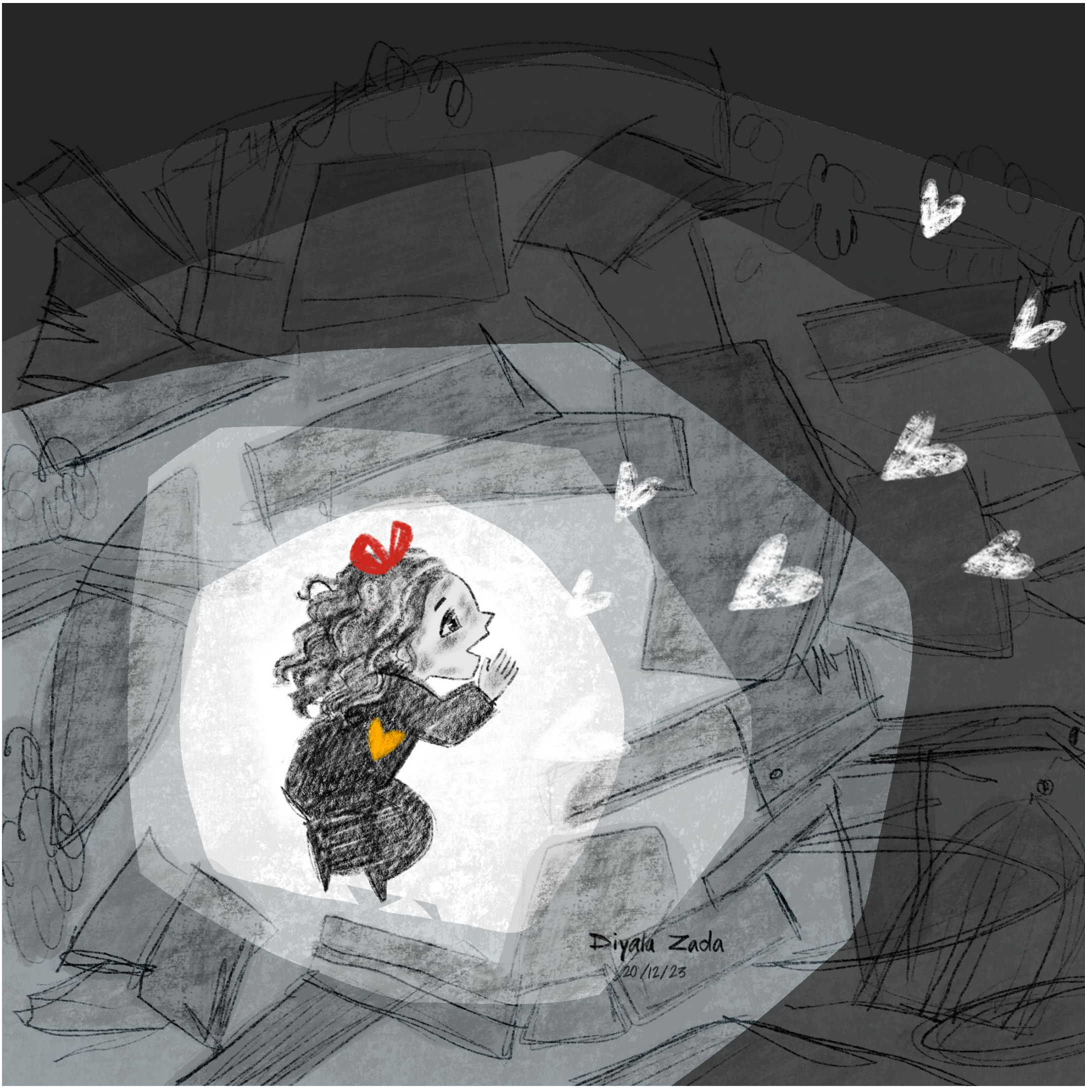

IN the CITY

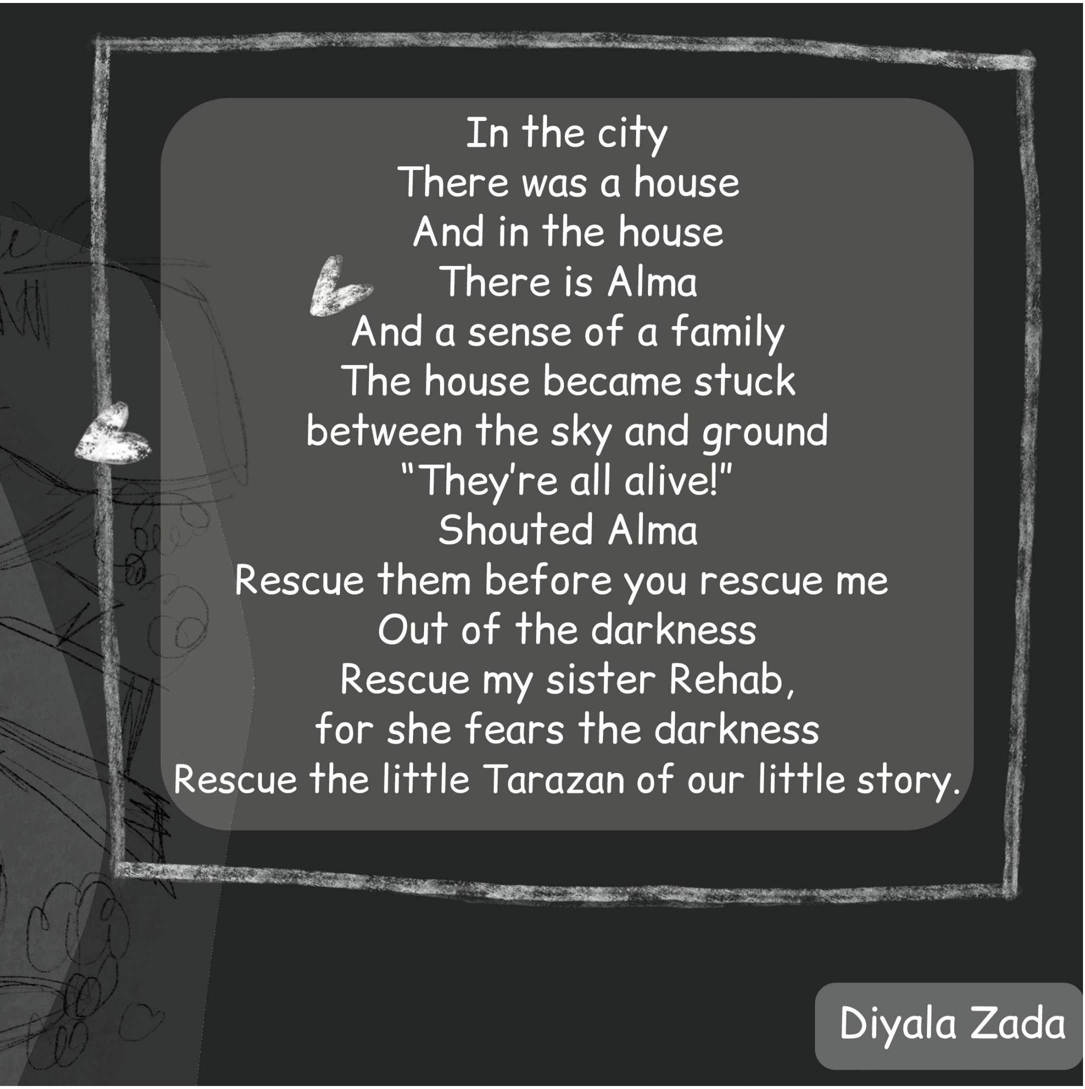

FREE FREE...
PALESTINE!

In the city..

Houses and neighborhoods, alleys and streets
A long beach, blue sea, and colorful fishing boats
Men and women, children and adolescents
The smell of dawn, the sounds of the call to prayer
Sea breeze and yellow sun reflecting on corn fields
The sound of children singing the anthem,
and having fun in the school playground
Loud laughter, lots of details,
and the dreams of young people in the university corridors
The newborn and the martyr, victory, defeat, protests, and parties
The most beautiful mothers
Love and ambition, successes and achievements
theaters, libraries and holidays
Vegetable vendors, peddlers, buildings, cloth hangers
Poetry, music and chants
A city like all cities, never gives up
As the poet Mahmoud Darwish said about her
"It is Gaza's way of declaring its right of living".
Because life was taken from Gaza in this brutal war
A group of artists rose,
from different places in the world
To spread their colors in the spaces of Gaza
The city that is crowded with missiles and bombs
They document an illustrated book for young people entitled:
"In the city" .

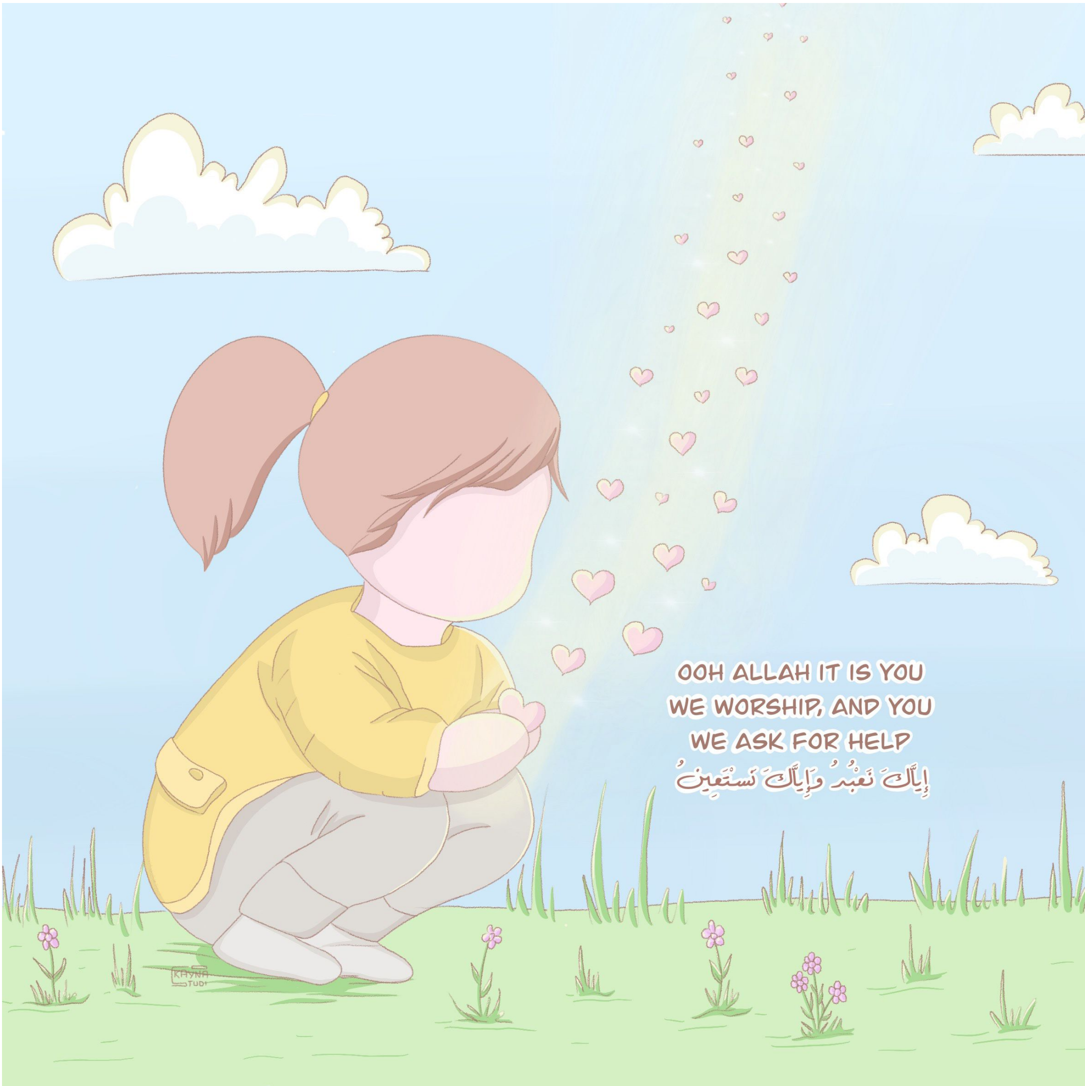
Sana J. Warsi


Diyala Zada
20/12/23

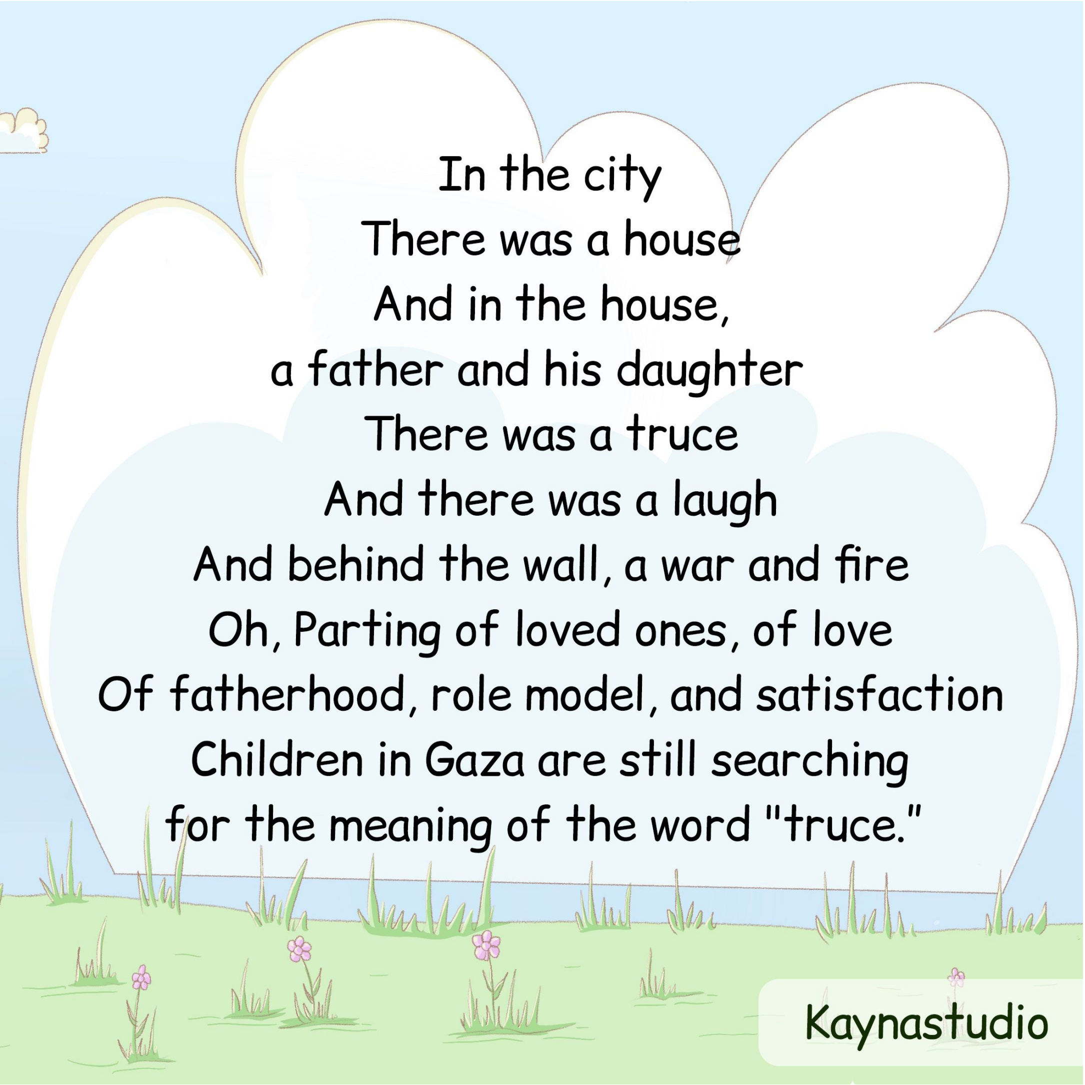


In the city
There was a house
And in the house
There is Alma
And a sense of a family
The house became stuck
between the sky and ground
"They're all alive!"
Shouted Alma
Rescue them before you rescue me
Out of the darkness
Rescue my sister Rehab,
for she fears the darkness
Rescue the little Tarazan of our little story.

Diyala Zada

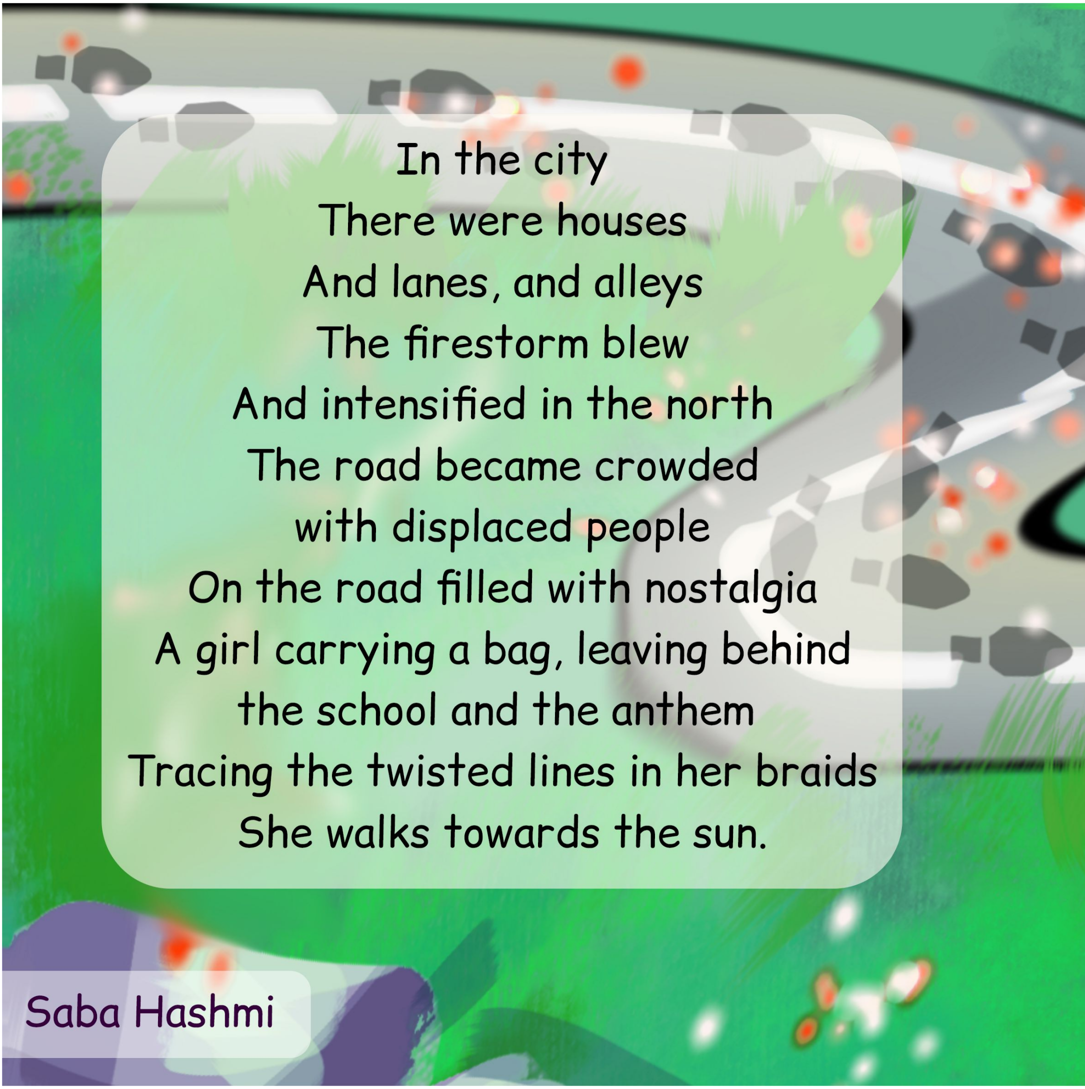


OOH ALLAH IT IS YOU
WE WORSHIP, AND YOU
WE ASK FOR HELP
إِيَّاكَ نَعْبُدُ وَإِيَّاكَ نَسْتَعِينُ



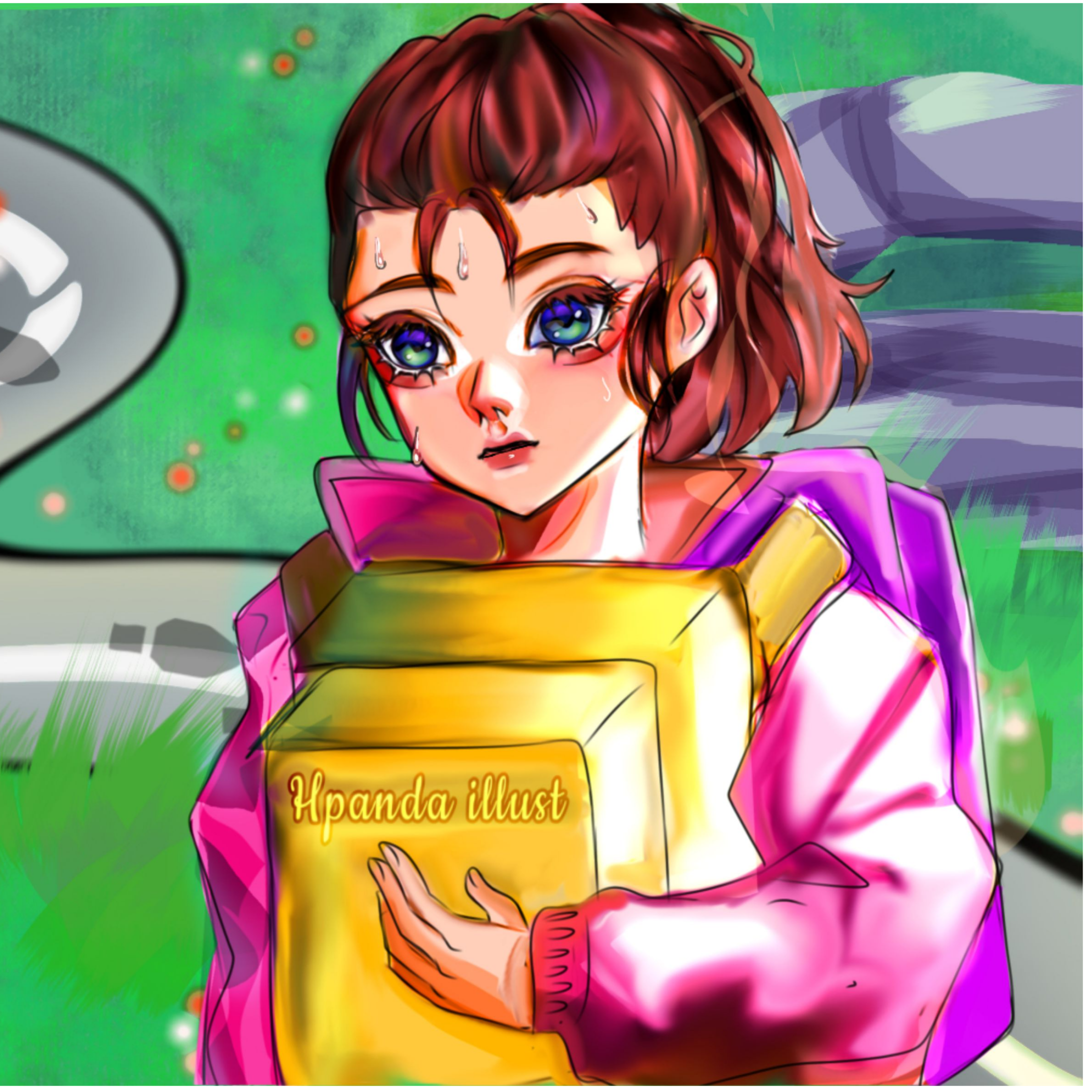
In the city
There was a house
And in the house,
a father and his daughter
There was a truce
And there was a laugh
And behind the wall, a war and fire
Oh, Parting of loved ones, of love
Of fatherhood, role model, and satisfaction
Children in Gaza are still searching
for the meaning of the word "truce."

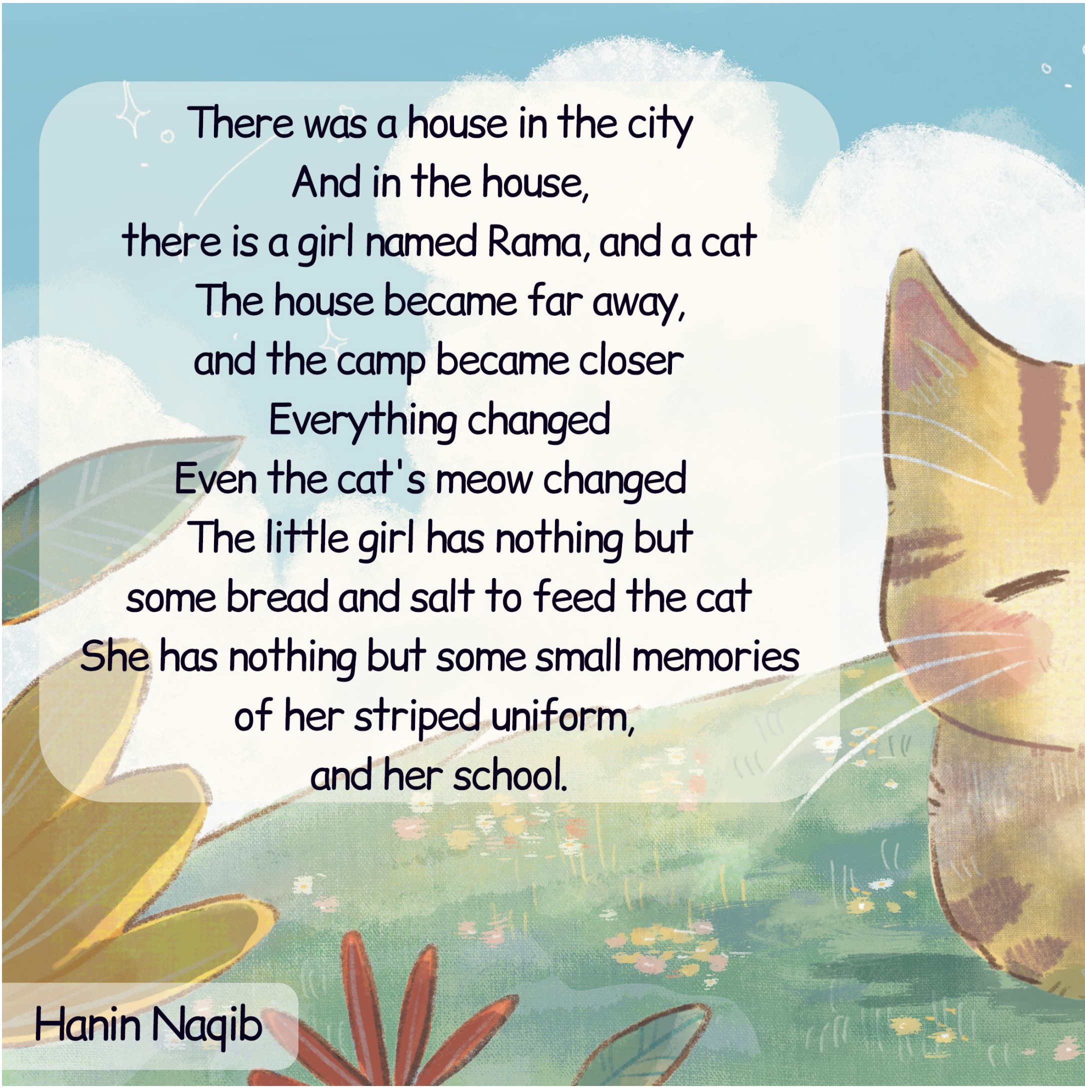
Kaynastudio



In the city
There were houses
And lanes, and alleys
The firestorm blew
And intensified in the north
The road became crowded
with displaced people
On the road filled with nostalgia
A girl carrying a bag, leaving behind
the school and the anthem
Tracing the twisted lines in her braids
She walks towards the sun.

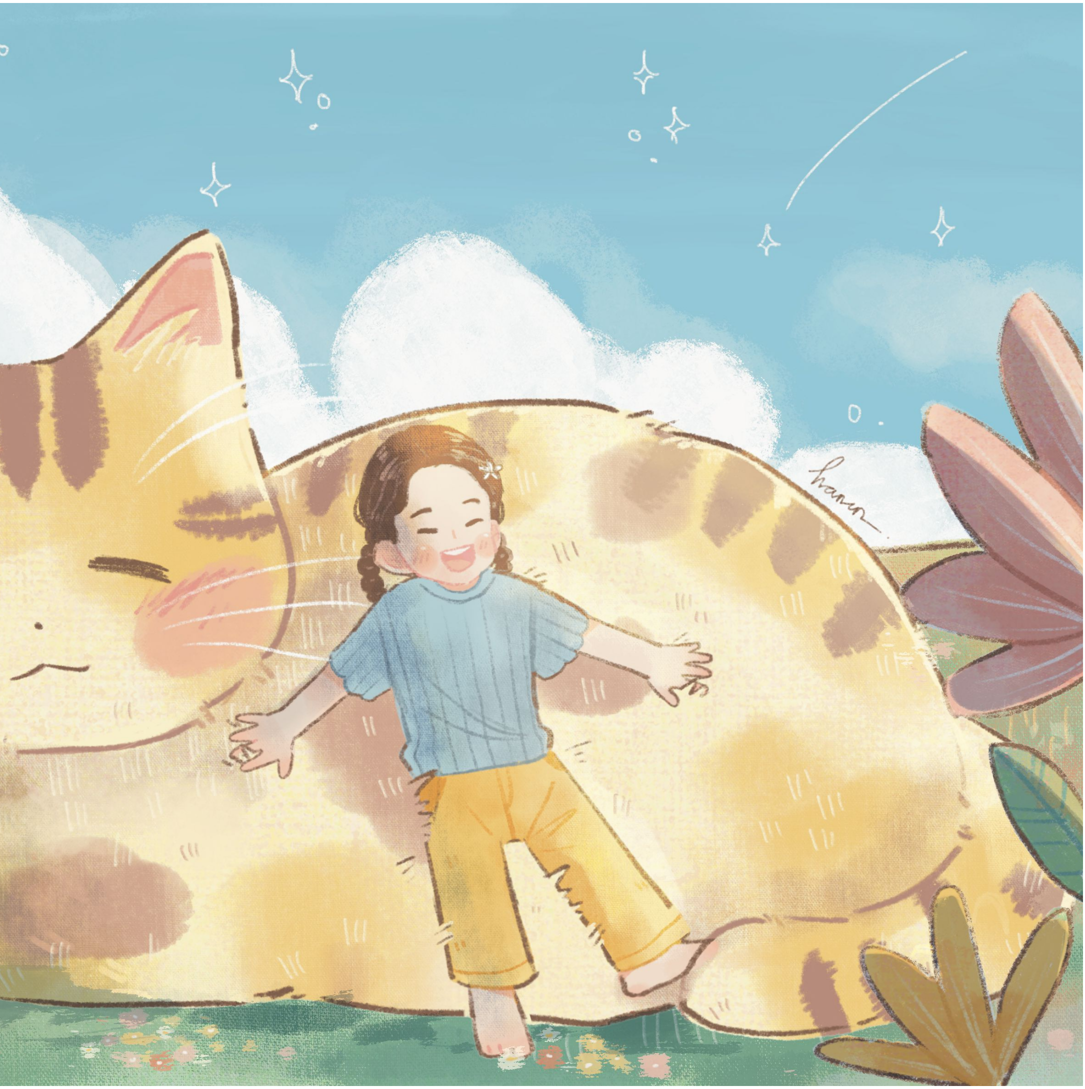
Saba Hashmi

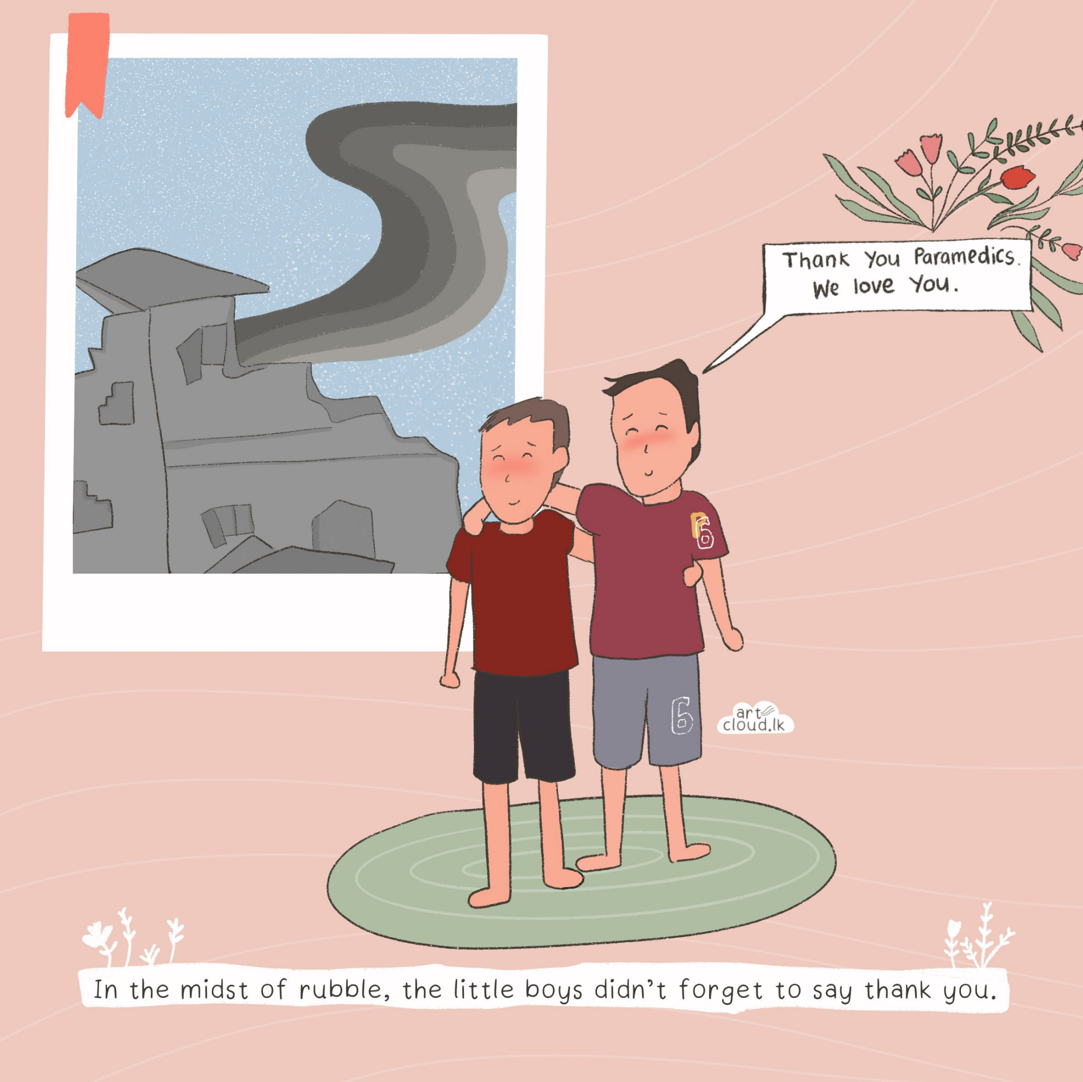

Hpanda illust



There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there is a girl named Rama, and a cat
The house became far away,
and the camp became closer
Everything changed
Even the cat's meow changed
The little girl has nothing but
some bread and salt to feed the cat
She has nothing but some small memories
of her striped uniform,
and her school.

Hanin Naqib




Thank You Paramedics.
We love You.

artcloud.lk

In the midst of rubble, the little boys didn't forget to say thank you.

There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there are brothers
They love all the things
that the occupation broke
They love playing and playgrounds
They love swimming and the sea
They love music and singing
They love hugs from mothers
and brothers.

Raaidah Riaz

Darren & Kenan

There was a house

In the house there is Darren and Kenan

The evil kidnapped her loved ones, her safety

She was left alone, shaded by a black cloud

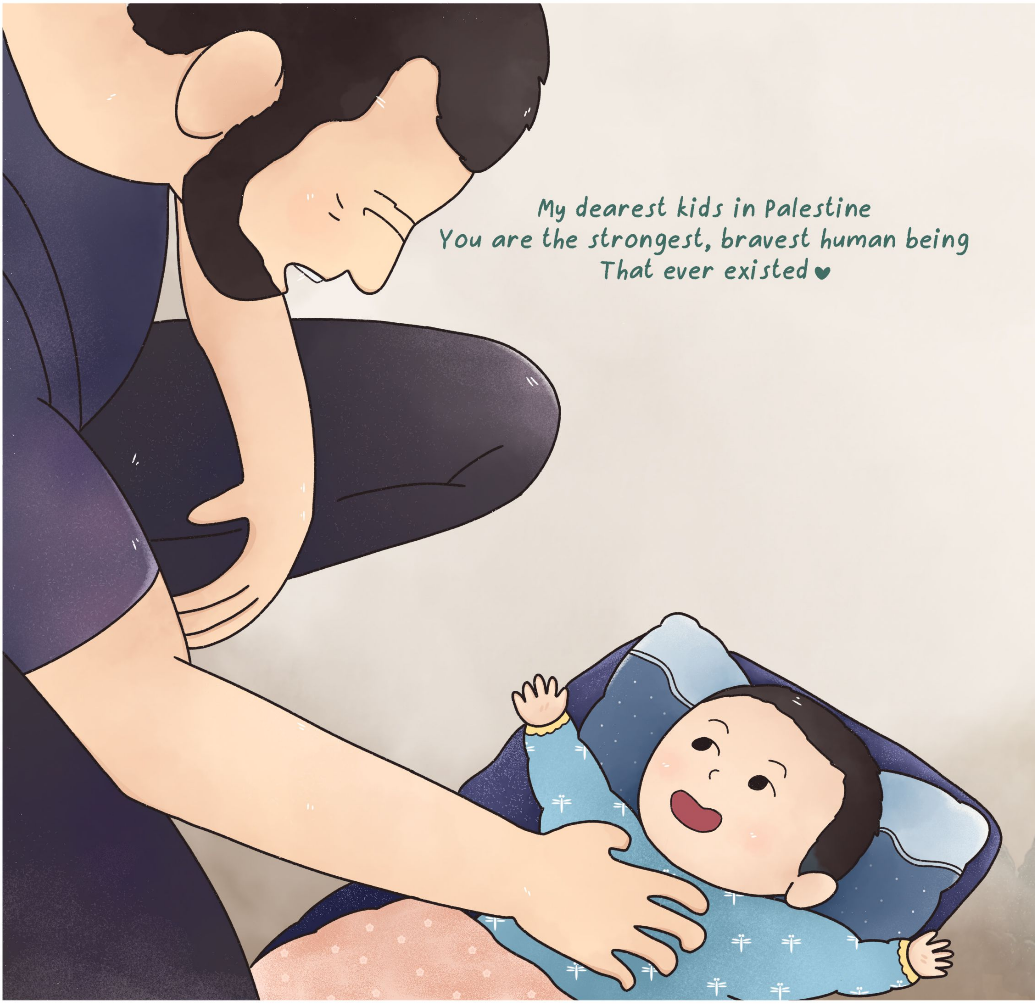
Kenan became laughter and hope

She seeks loving messages

from every observer

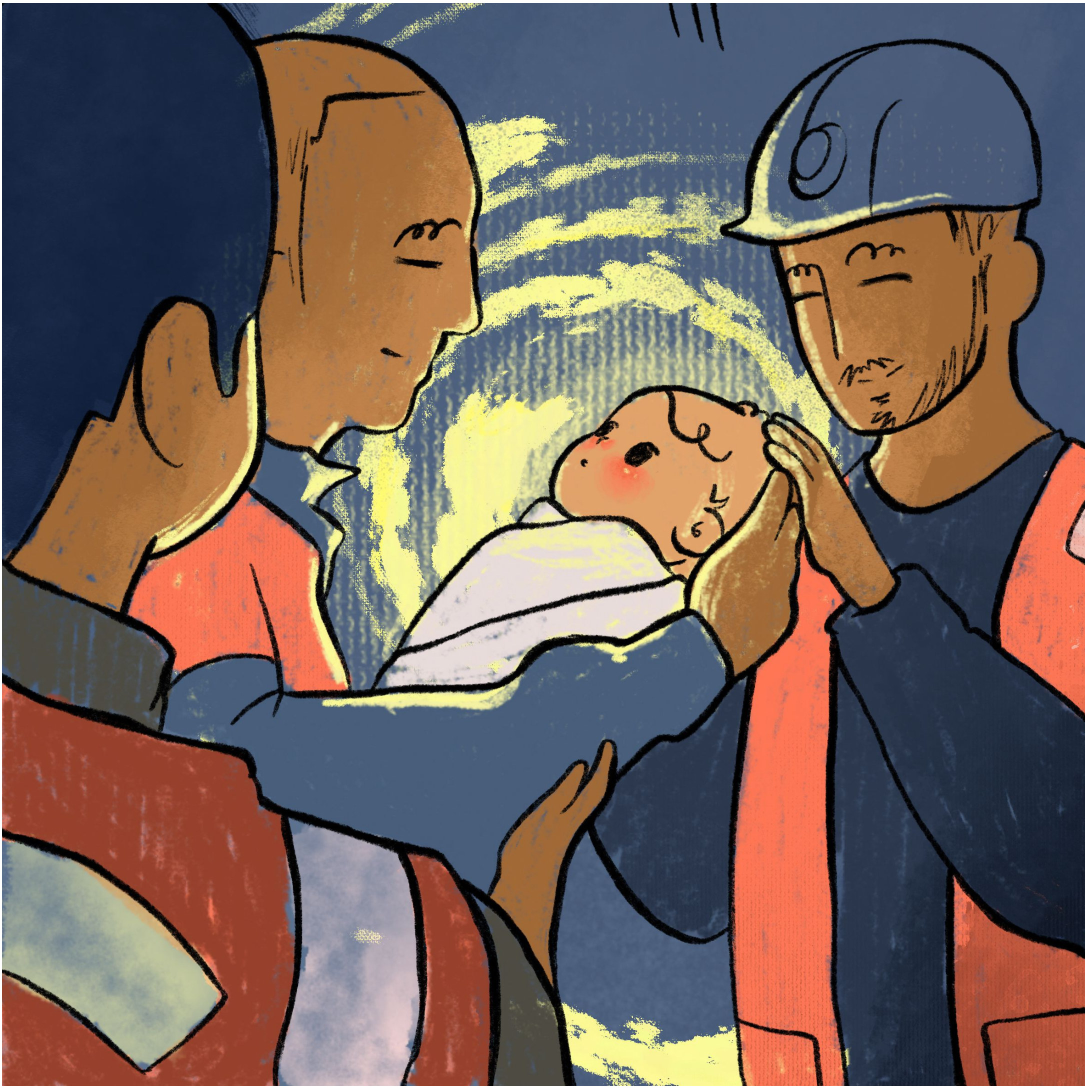
And an uncle to build her a house of safety.

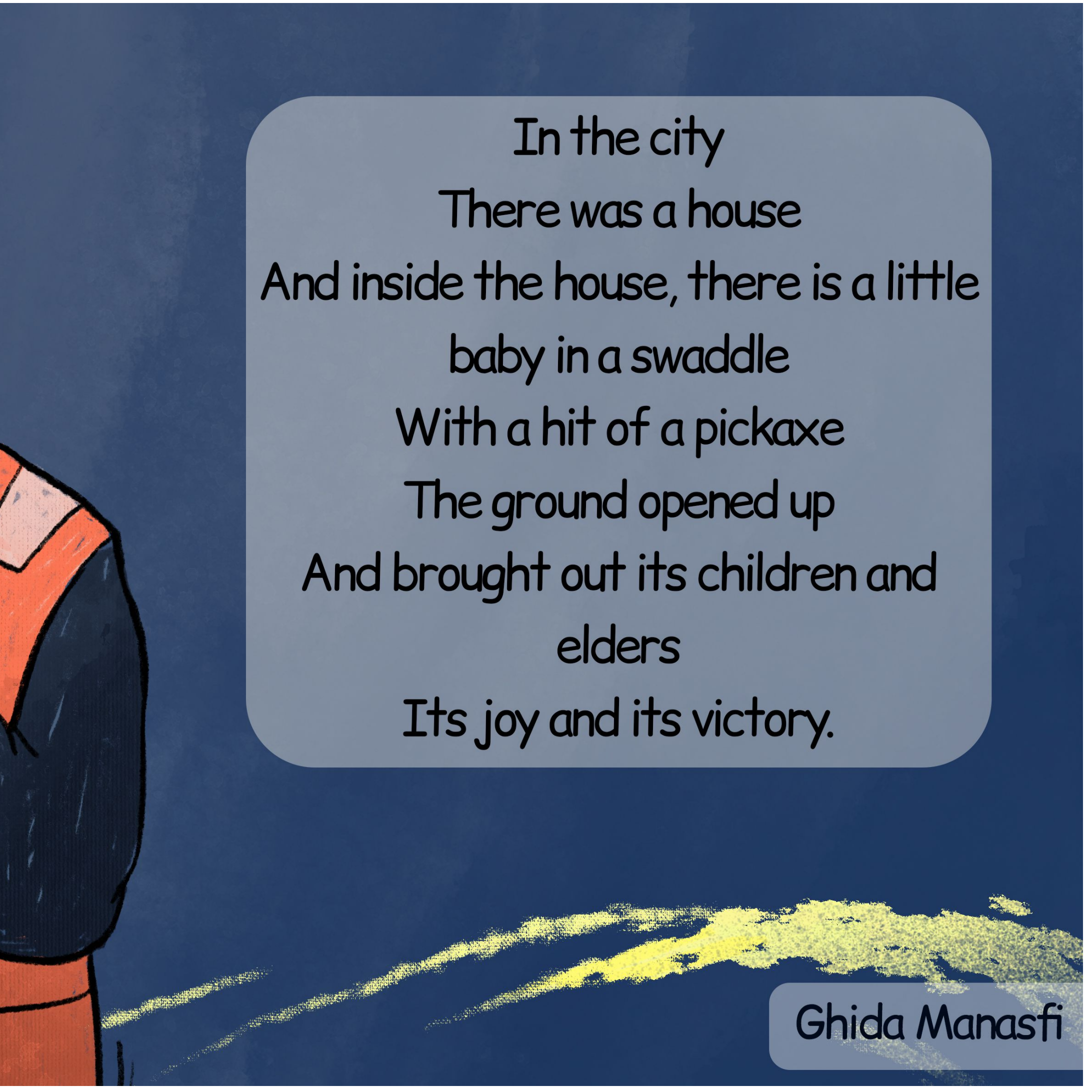
Aisha Atya


My dearest kids in Palestine
You are the strongest, bravest human being
That ever existed ♥

In the city
There was a wide home
And in that home,
there was a mother, a father, and a baby's crib
A crackling sound in the sky
Everyone was silenced and the laughing baby survived
Laugh little baby, laugh!
As this country,
awaits for you, my little one, to grow up among us
No matter how much they let you down.

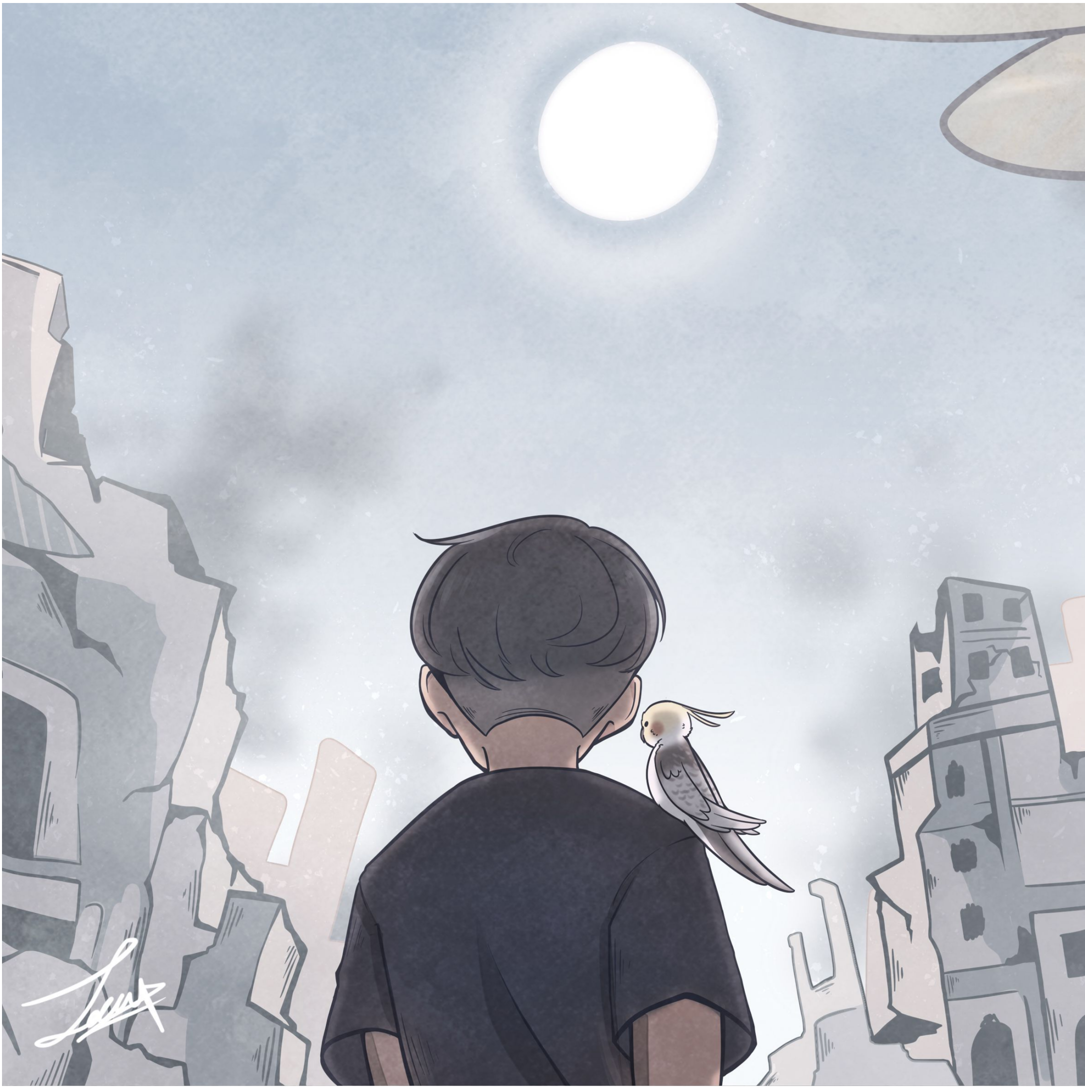
Bibettaa

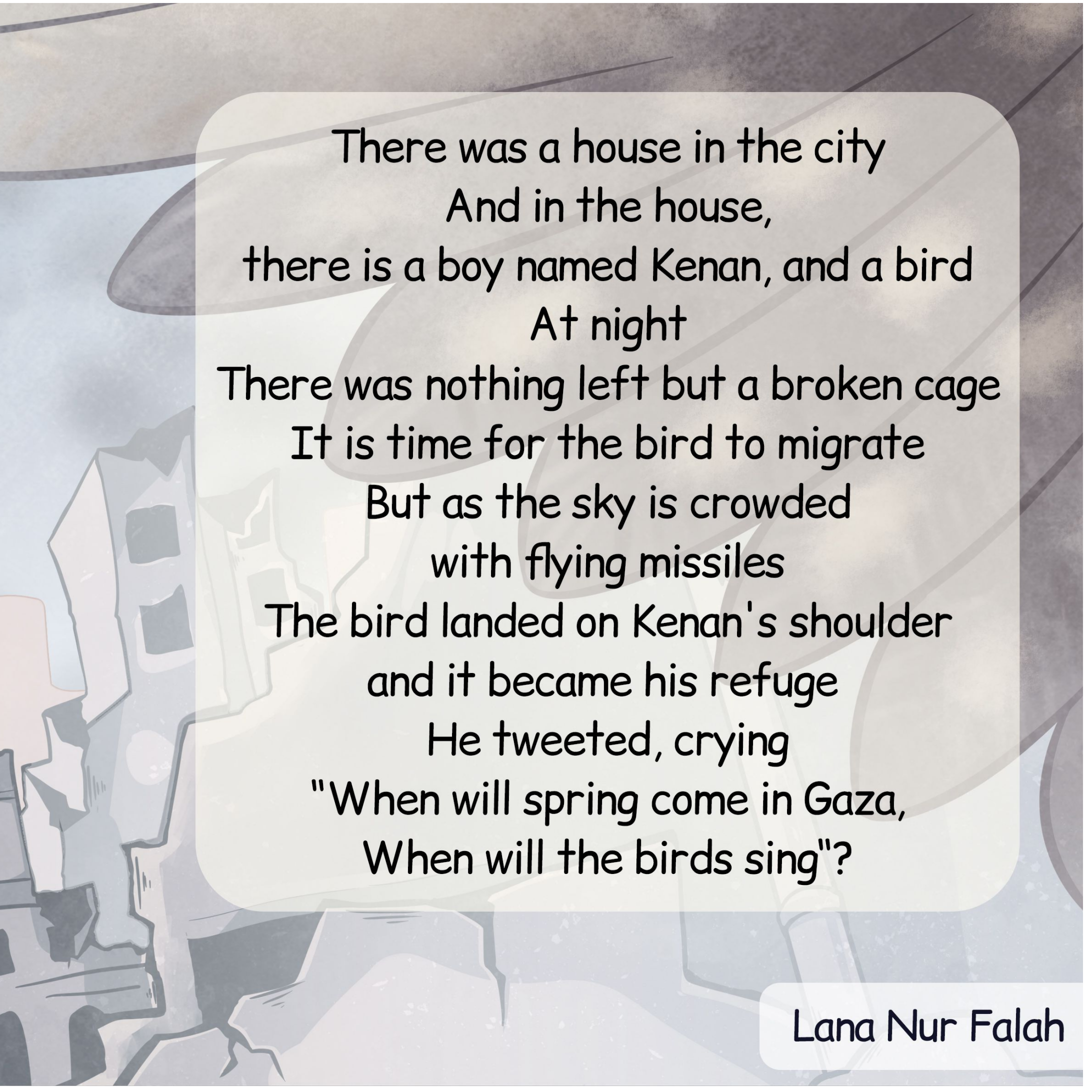




In the city
There was a house
And inside the house, there is a little baby in a swaddle
With a hit of a pickaxe
The ground opened up
And brought out its children and elders
Its joy and its victory.

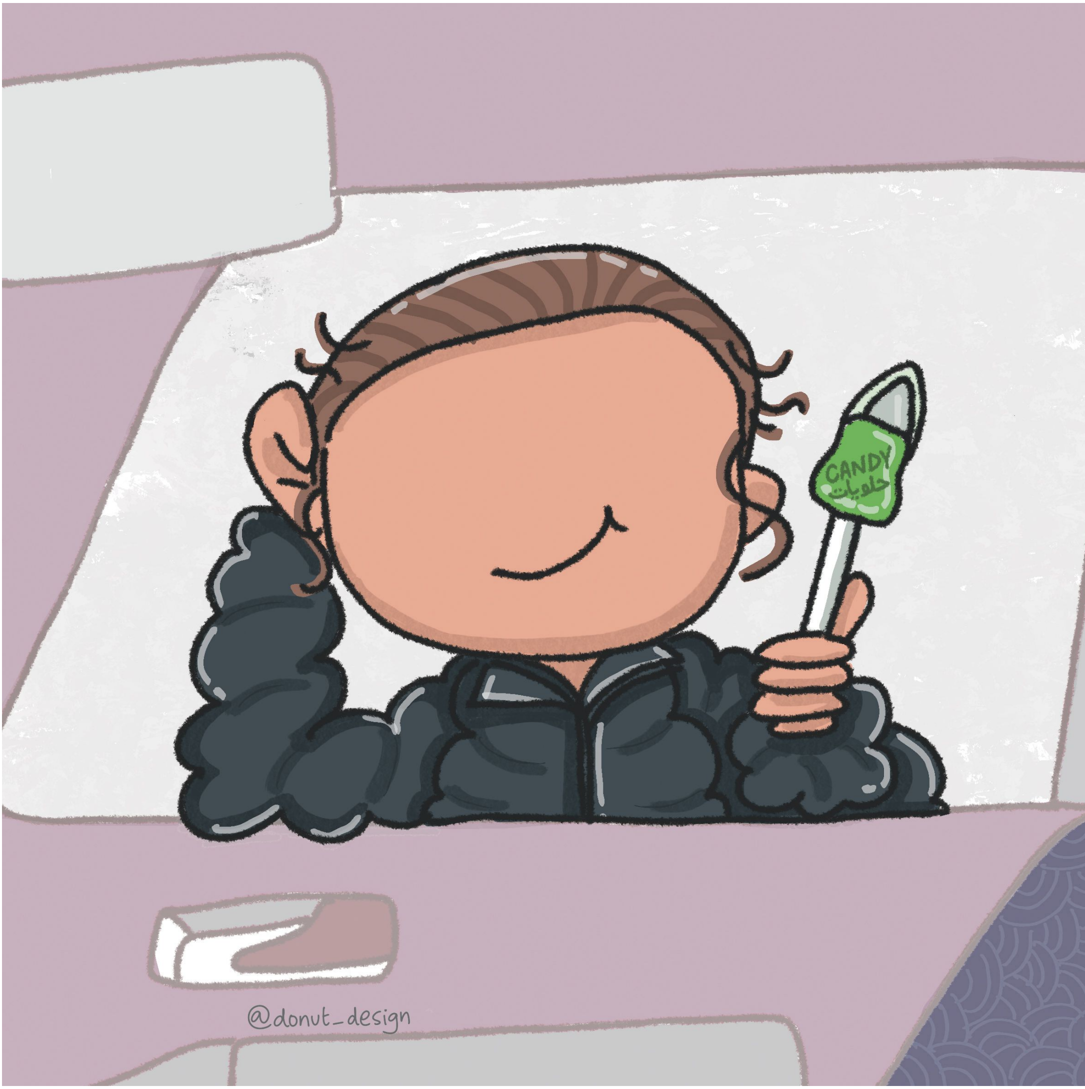
Ghida Manasfi

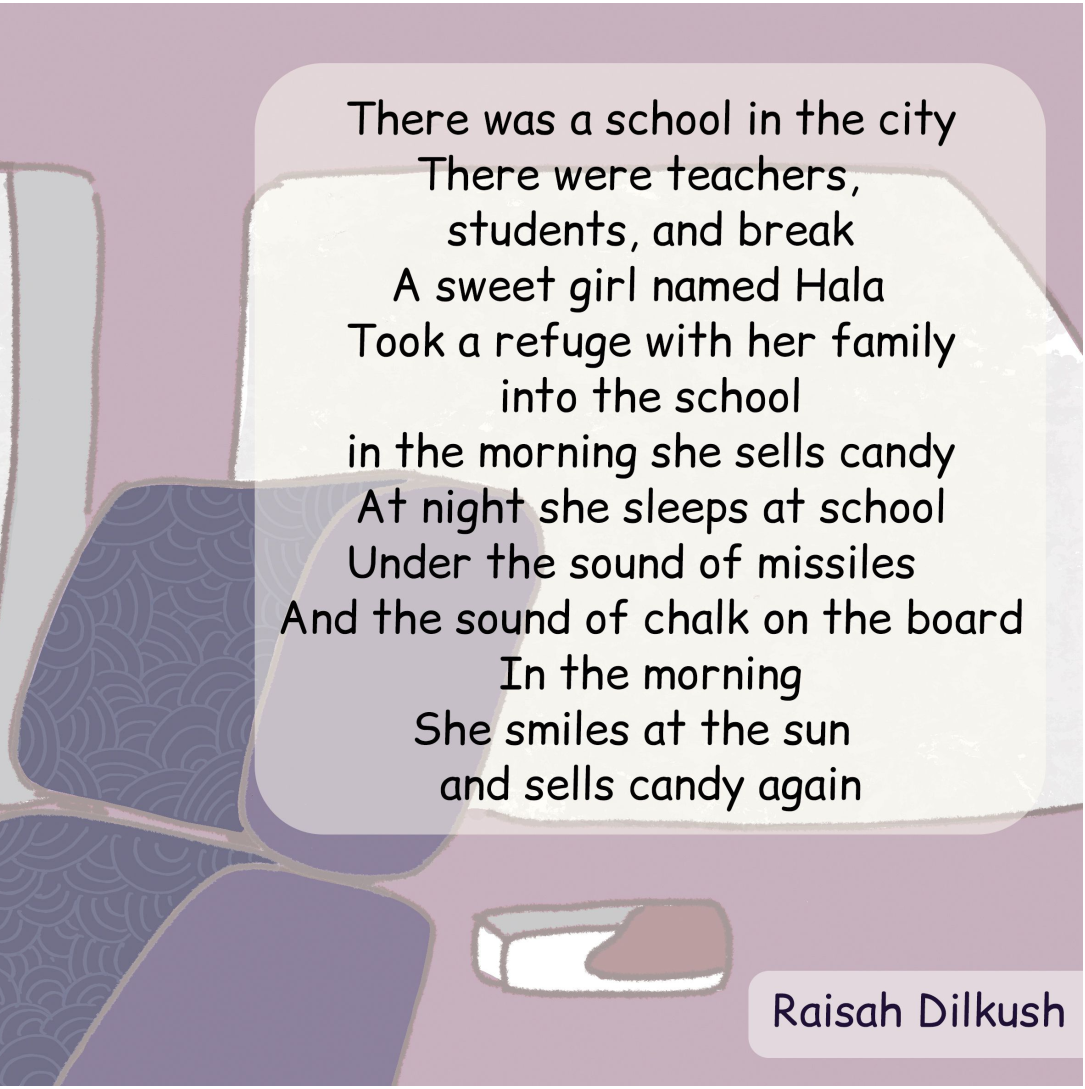




There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there is a boy named Kenan, and a bird
At night
There was nothing left but a broken cage
It is time for the bird to migrate
But as the sky is crowded
with flying missiles
The bird landed on Kenan's shoulder
and it became his refuge
He tweeted, crying
"When will spring come in Gaza,
When will the birds sing"?

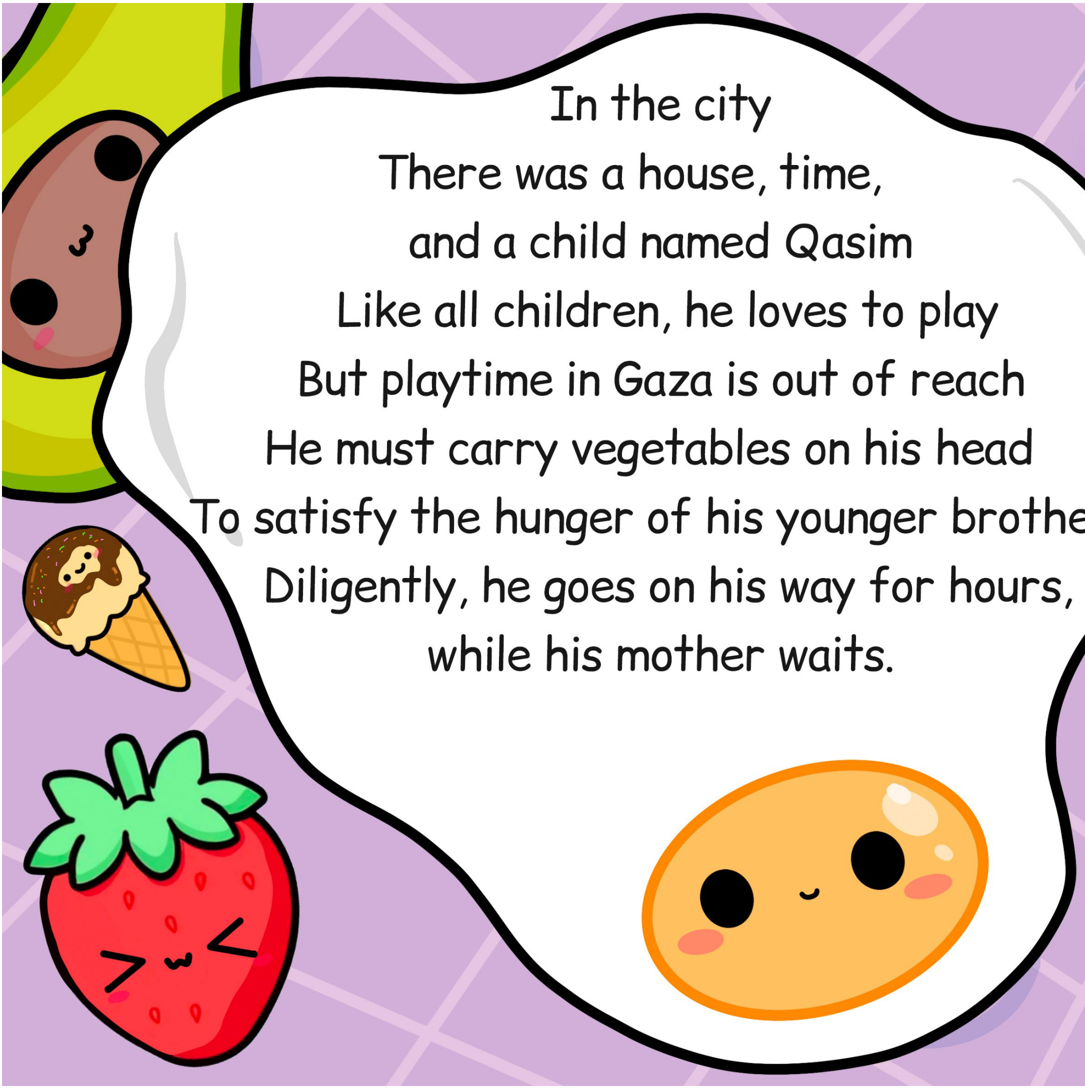
Lana Nur Falah


CANDY
حلويات
@donut_design

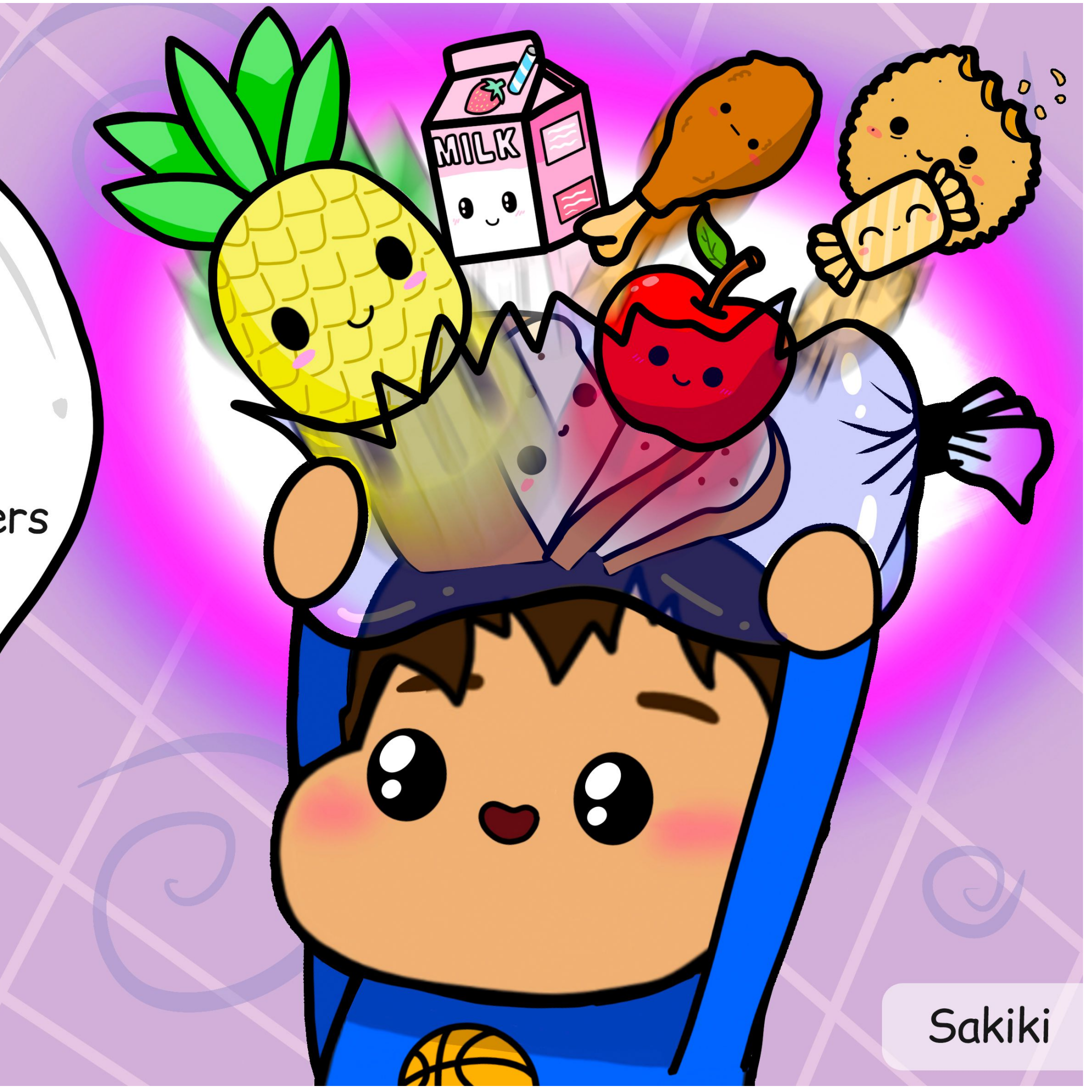


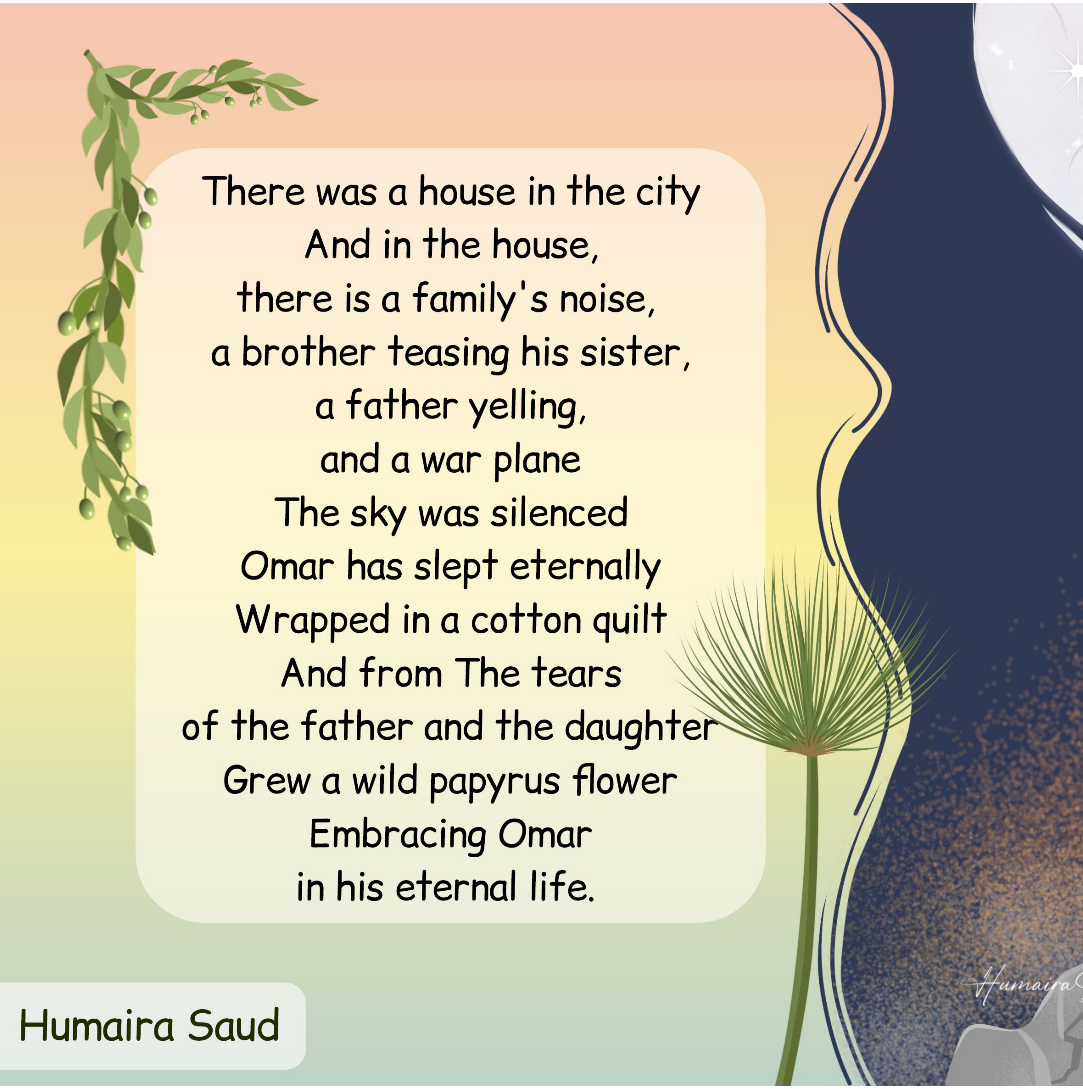
There was a school in the city
There were teachers,
students, and break
A sweet girl named Hala
Took a refuge with her family
into the school
in the morning she sells candy
At night she sleeps at school
Under the sound of missiles
And the sound of chalk on the board
In the morning
She smiles at the sun
and sells candy again

Raisah Dilkush



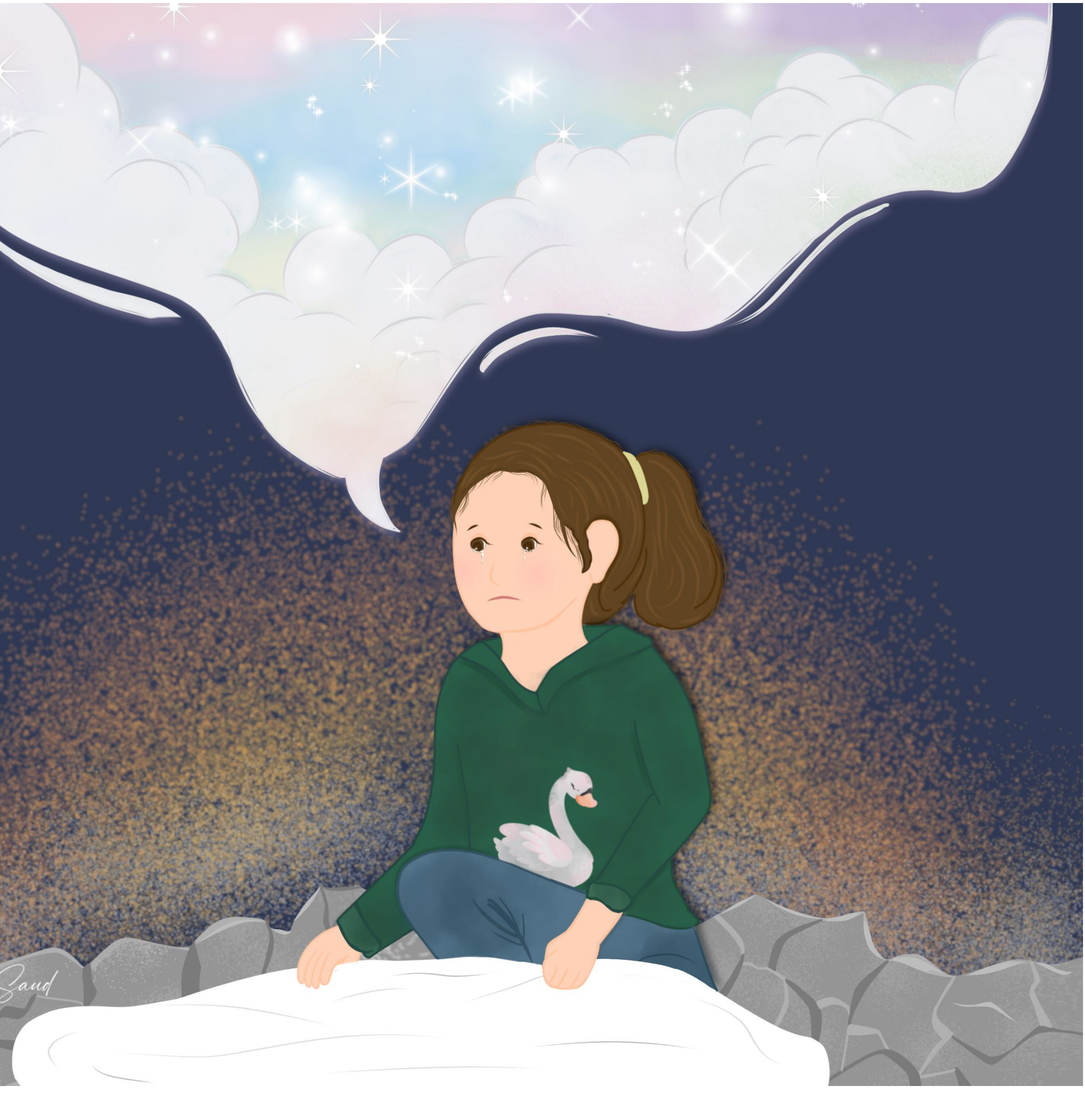
In the city
There was a house, time,
and a child named Qasim
Like all children, he loves to play
But playtime in Gaza is out of reach
He must carry vegetables on his head
To satisfy the hunger of his younger brothe
Diligently, he goes on his way for hours,
while his mother waits.

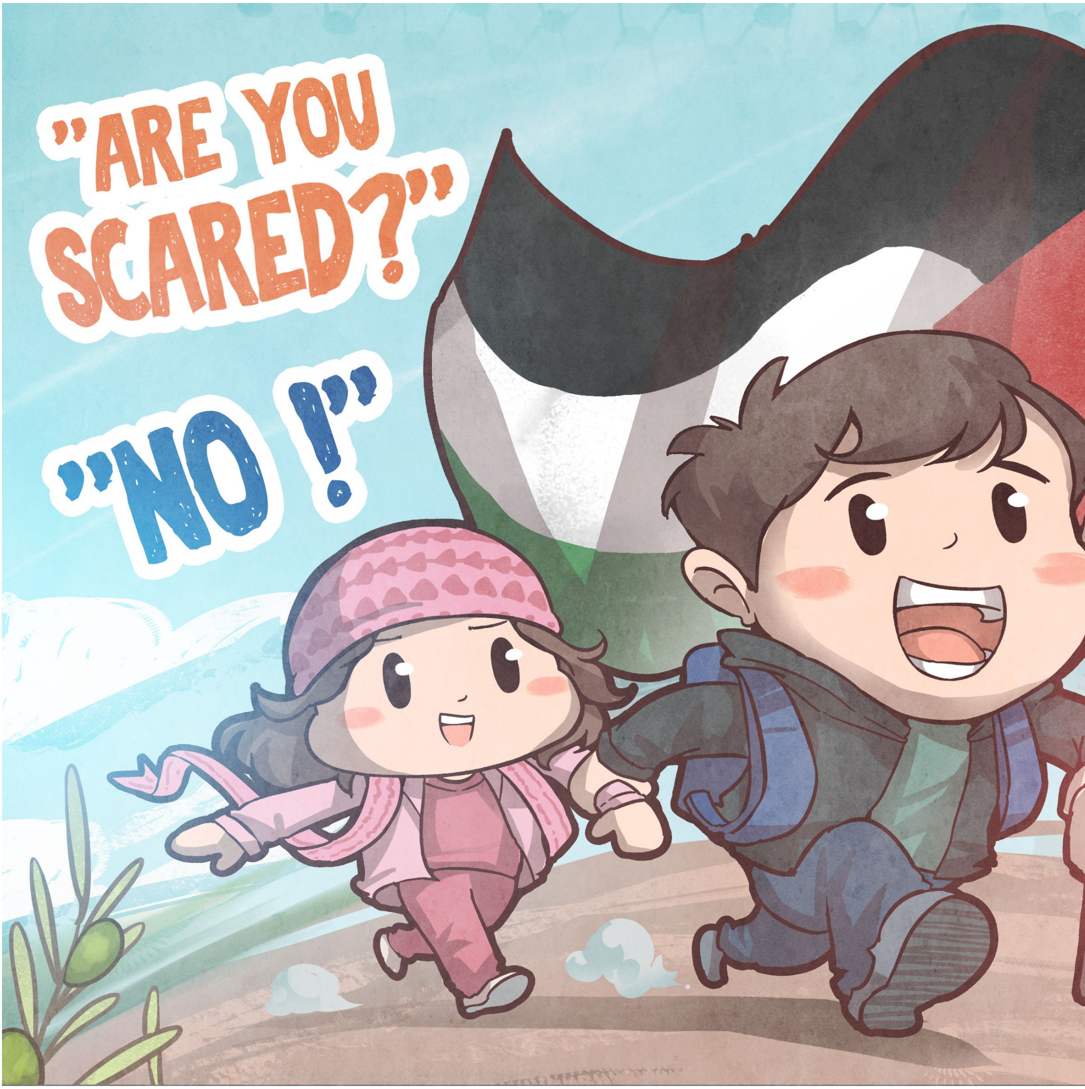

MILK
ers
Sakiki

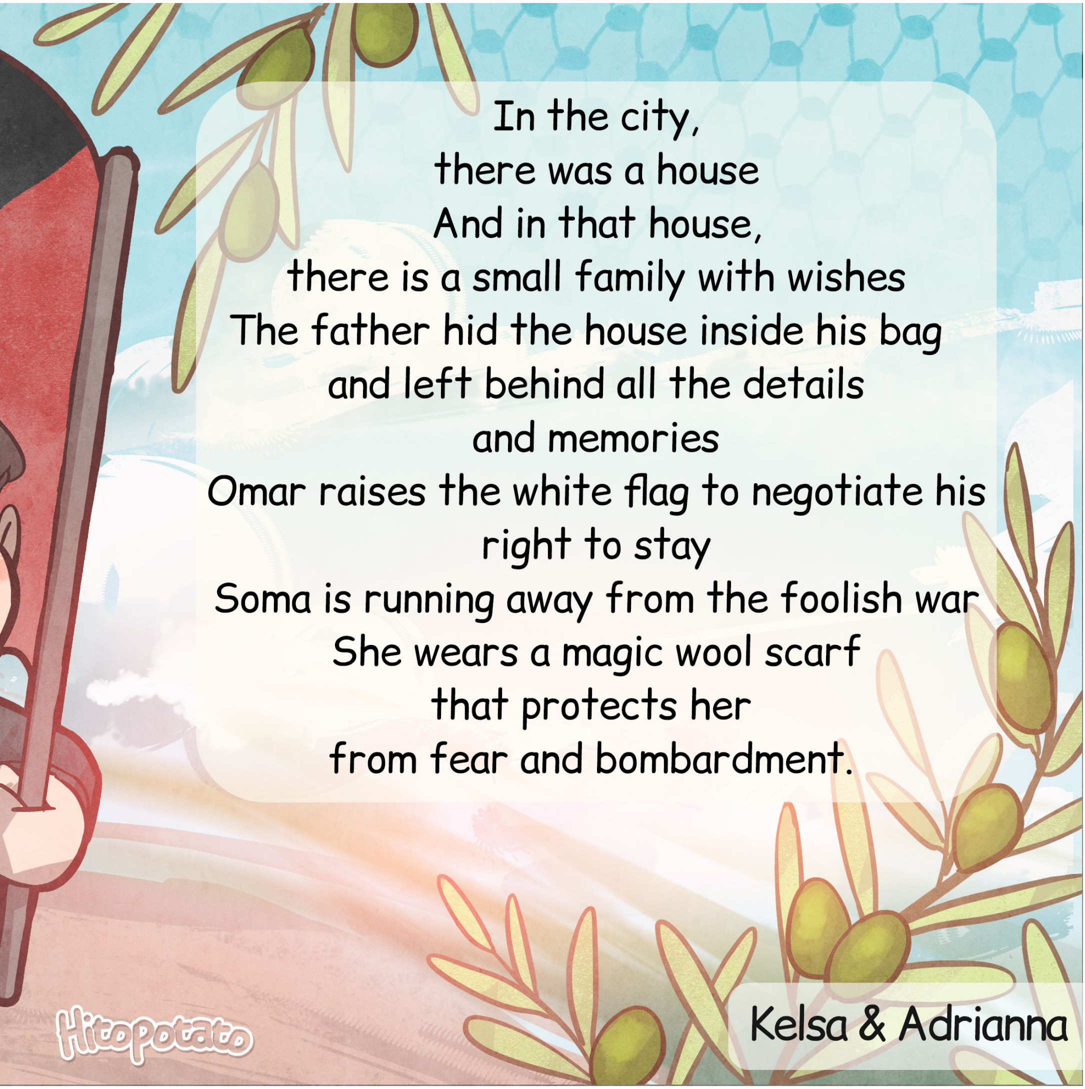


There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there is a family's noise,
a brother teasing his sister,
a father yelling,
and a war plane
The sky was silenced
Omar has slept eternally
Wrapped in a cotton quilt
And from The tears
of the father and the daughter
Grew a wild papyrus flower
Embracing Omar
in his eternal life.

Humaira Saud

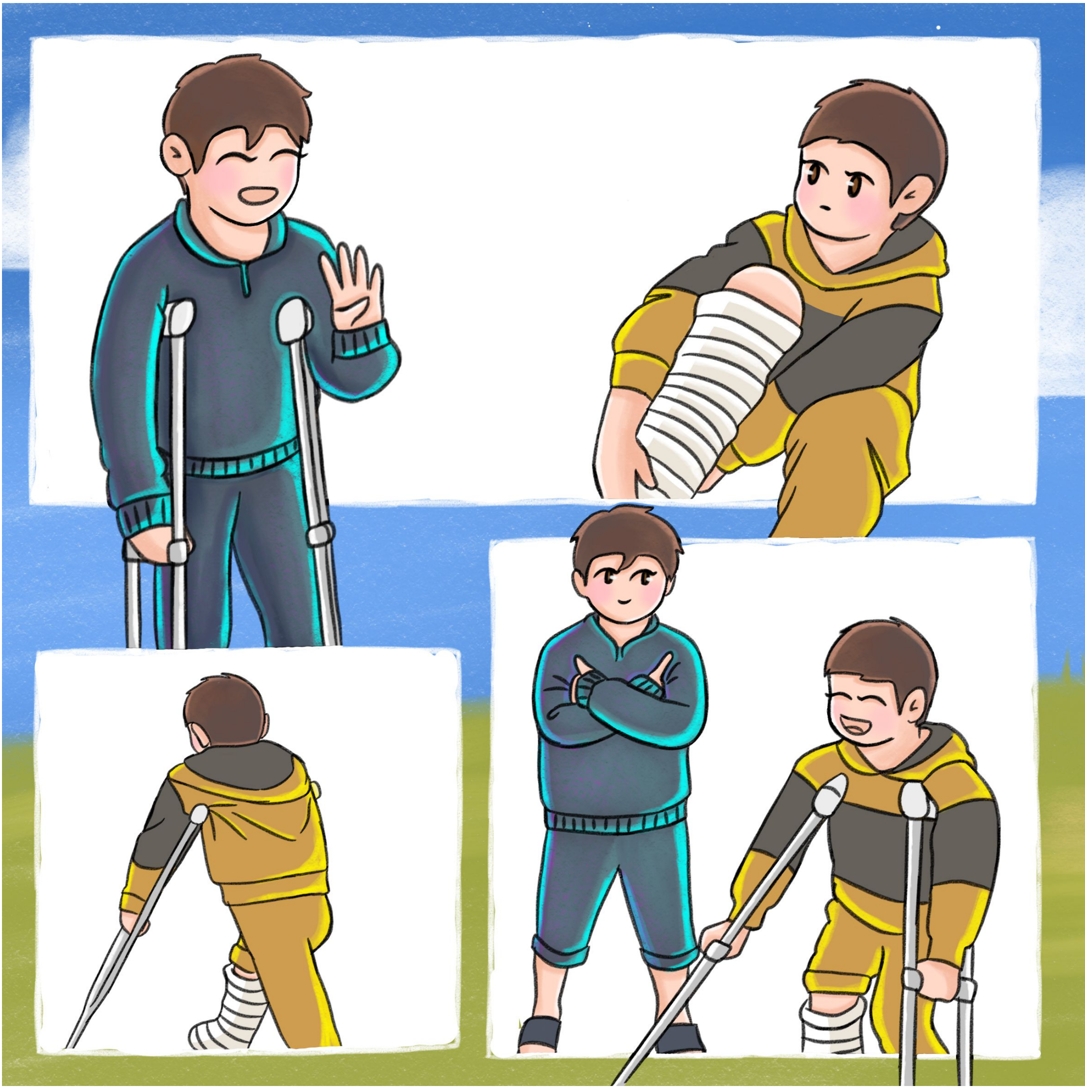

Saud


"ARE YOU SCARED?"
"NO !"



In the city,
there was a house
And in that house,
there is a small family with wishes
The father hid the house inside his bag
and left behind all the details
and memories
Omar raises the white flag to negotiate his
right to stay
Soma is running away from the foolish war
She wears a magic wool scarf
that protects her
from fear and bombardment.

Kelsa & Adrianna



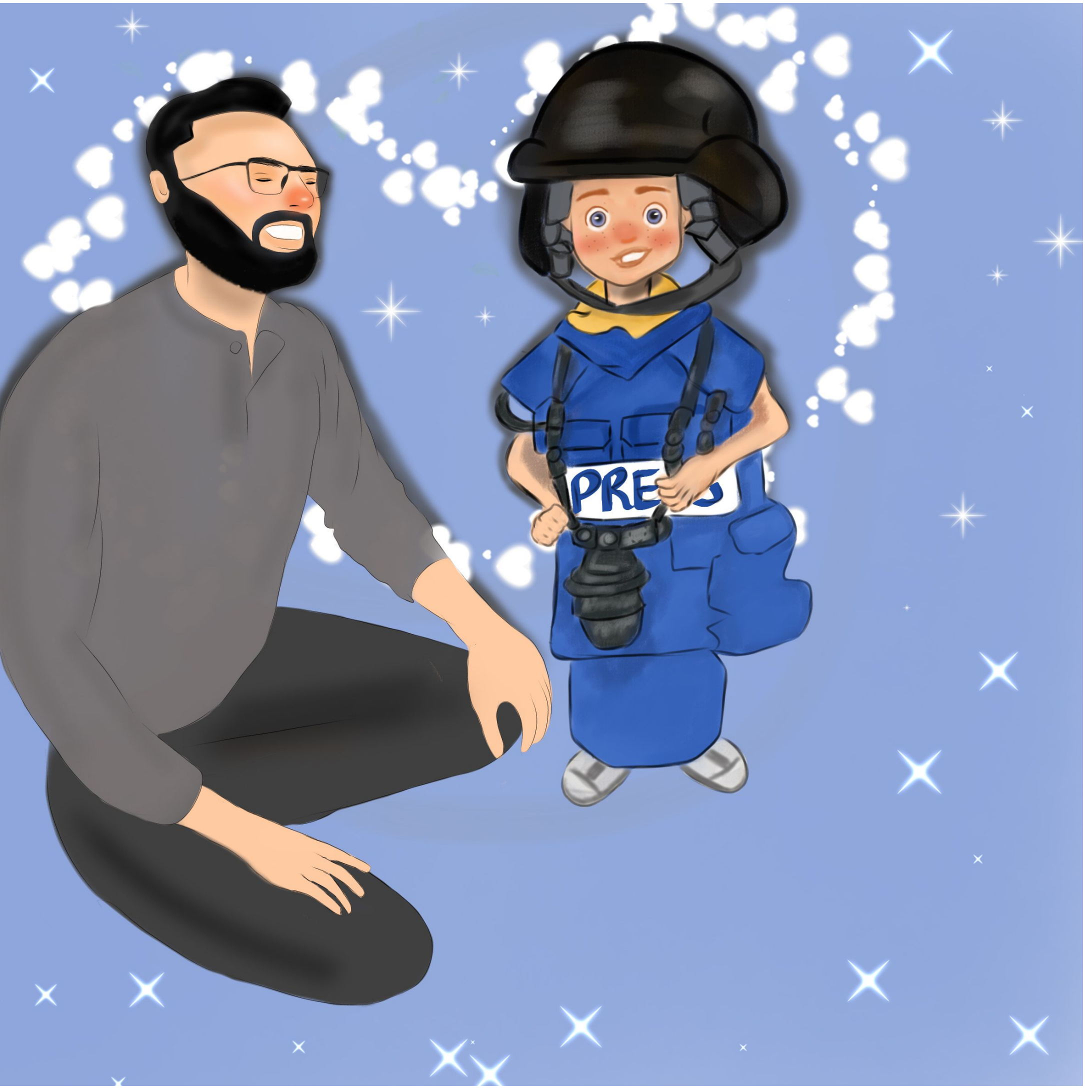
FREE FREE Palestine Gaza Gaza
DON'T you cry Palestine will Never Die!!
I STAND WITH PALESTINE
PALESTINE

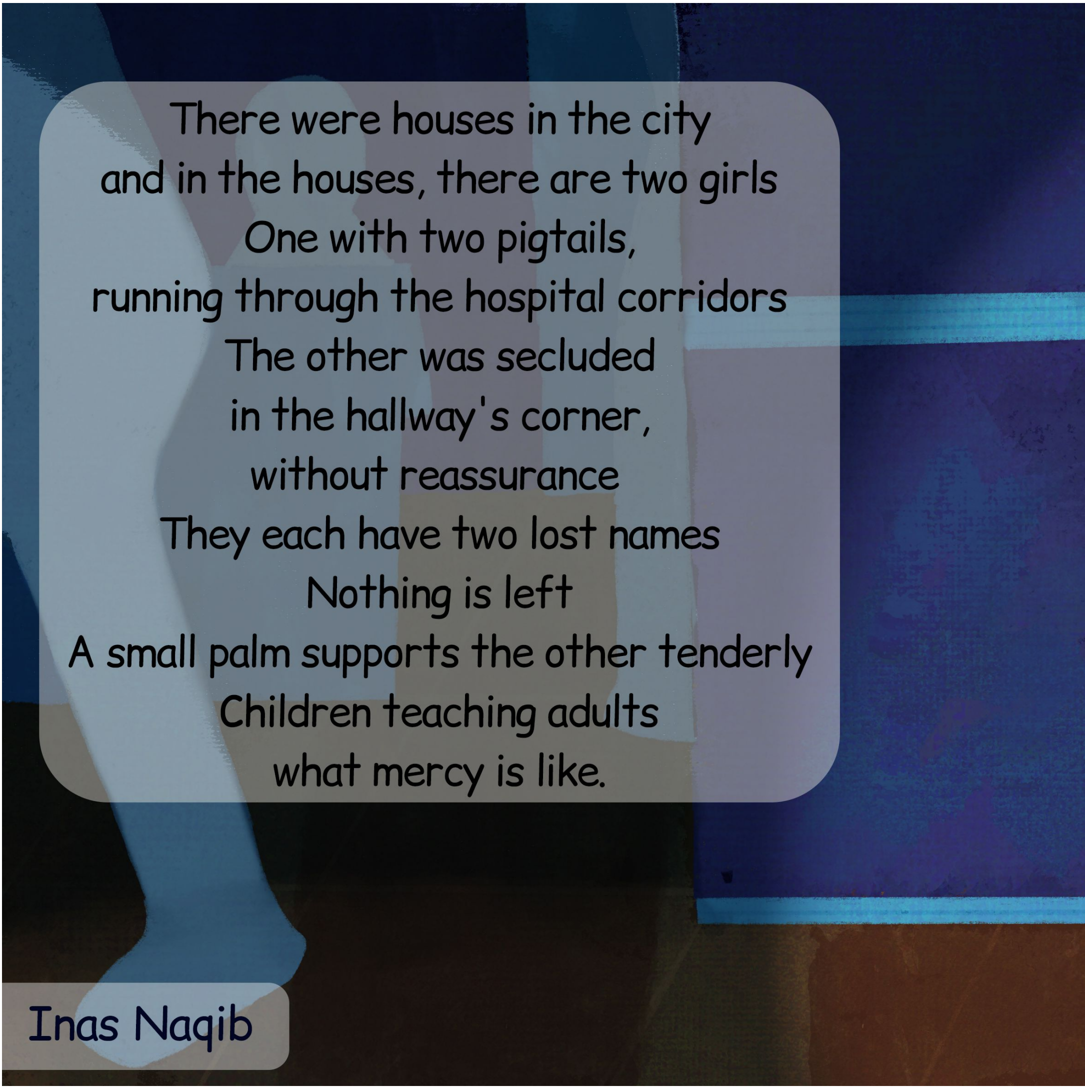
There was a house in the city
And in the house
there were brothers
The house flew and we flew with it
Like a flock of birds that have lost their way
The pain ravages my brother's leg
His crutch supports him
And I support him too
Loose footsteps against the wind
He is my companion, on my chest he rests
We have been fine, and we will be fine.

Eman Zara

There was a house in the city
And in the house there was a boy
An ugly enemy invaded the house
The boy fled with a wounded heart
In the camp he met a hero
The boy wished to wear the heros' helmet
The hero put on him the helmet and the vest
They asked the boy the same question
What do you think of the situation now?
The boy just smiled
and gave them a look of gratitude.

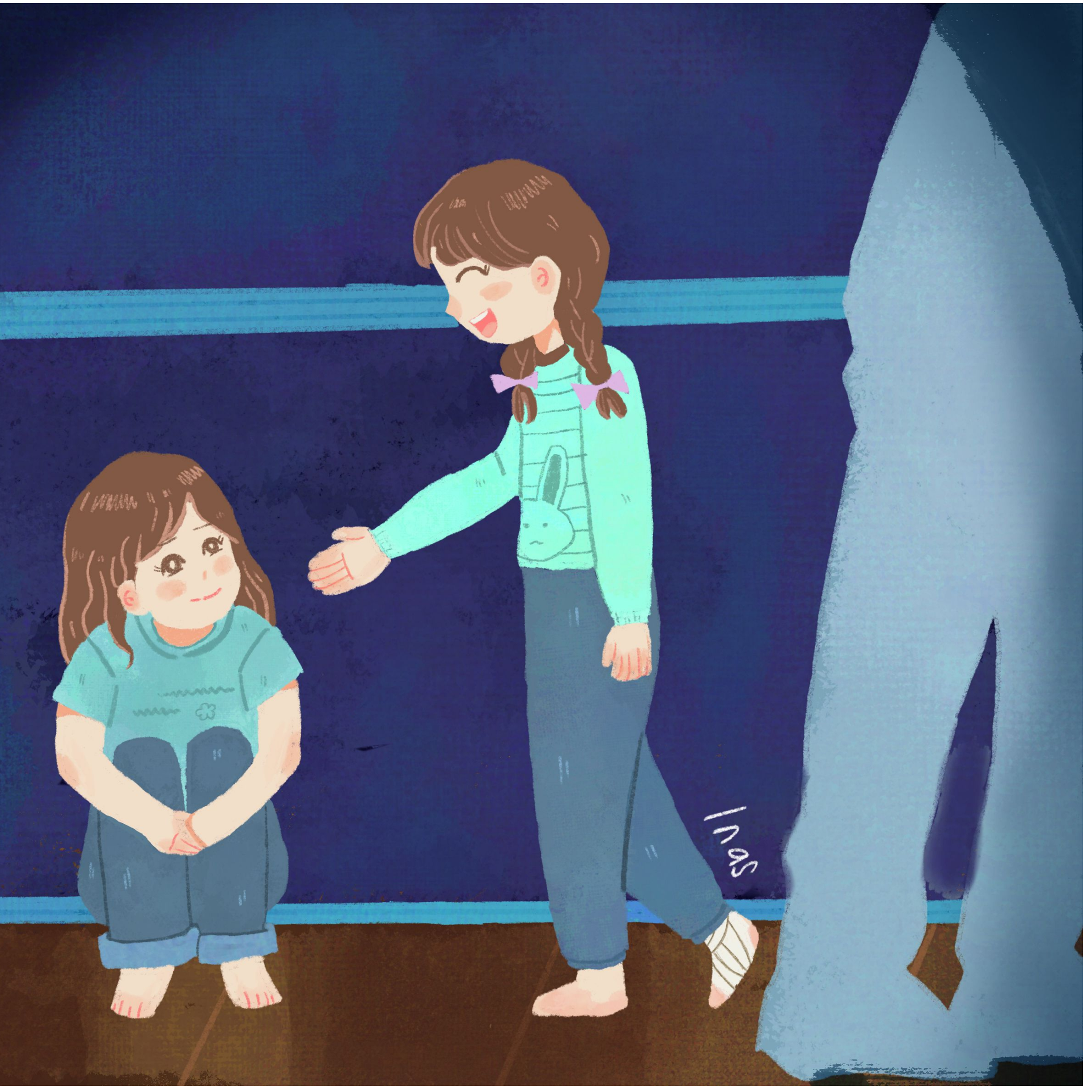
Ayesha

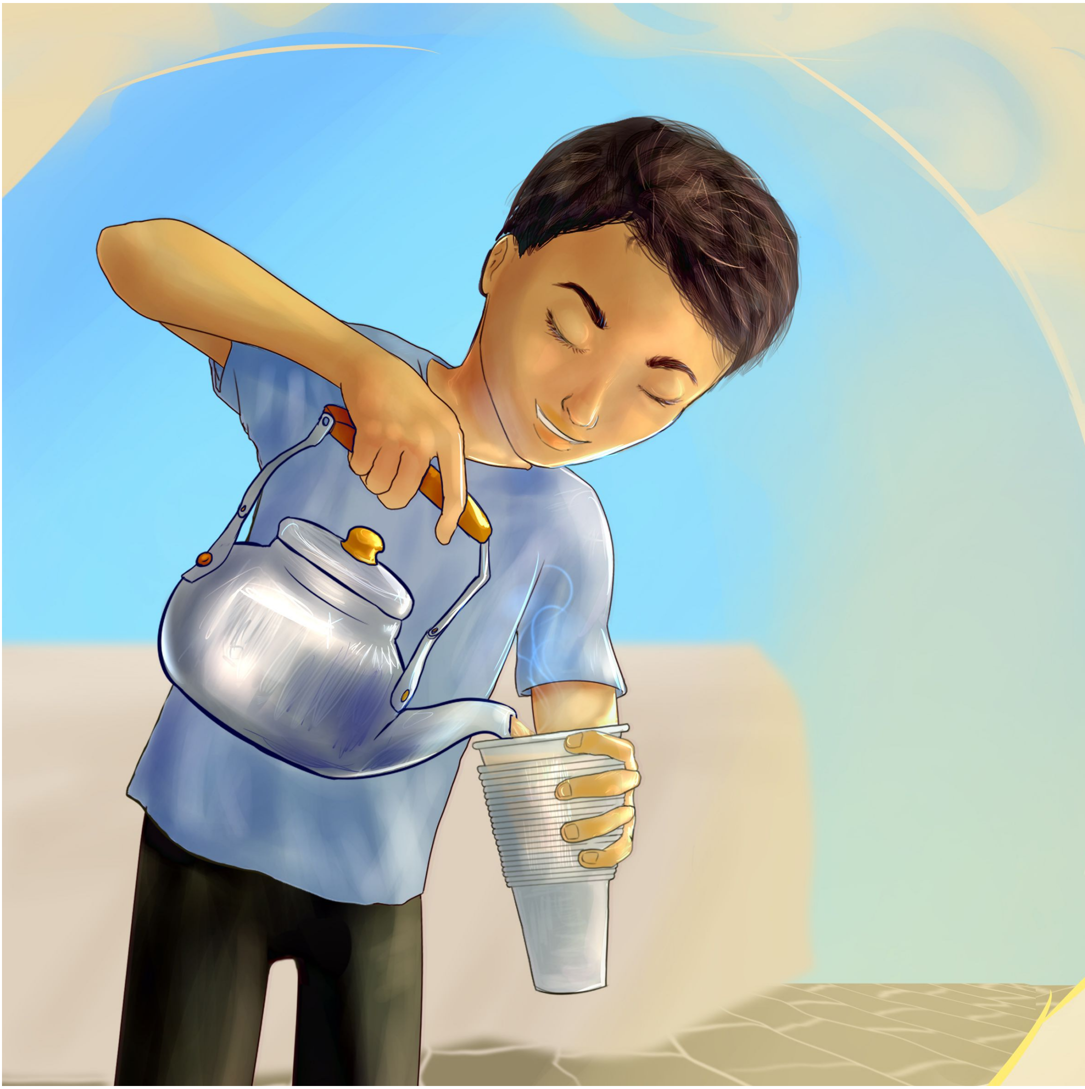

PRE



There were houses in the city
and in the houses, there are two girls
One with two pigtails,
running through the hospital corridors
The other was secluded
in the hallway's corner,
without reassurance
They each have two lost names
Nothing is left
A small palm supports the other tenderly
Children teaching adults
what mercy is like.

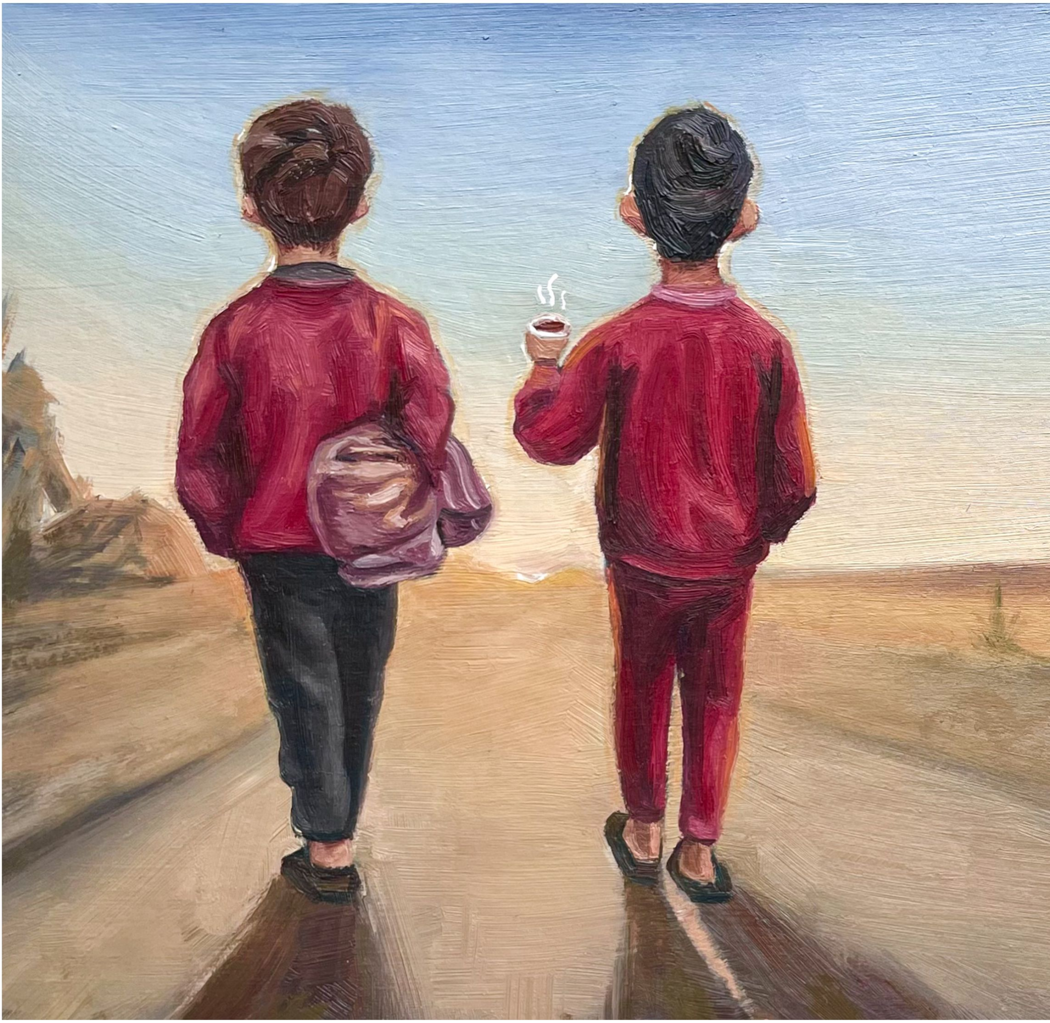
Inas Naqib

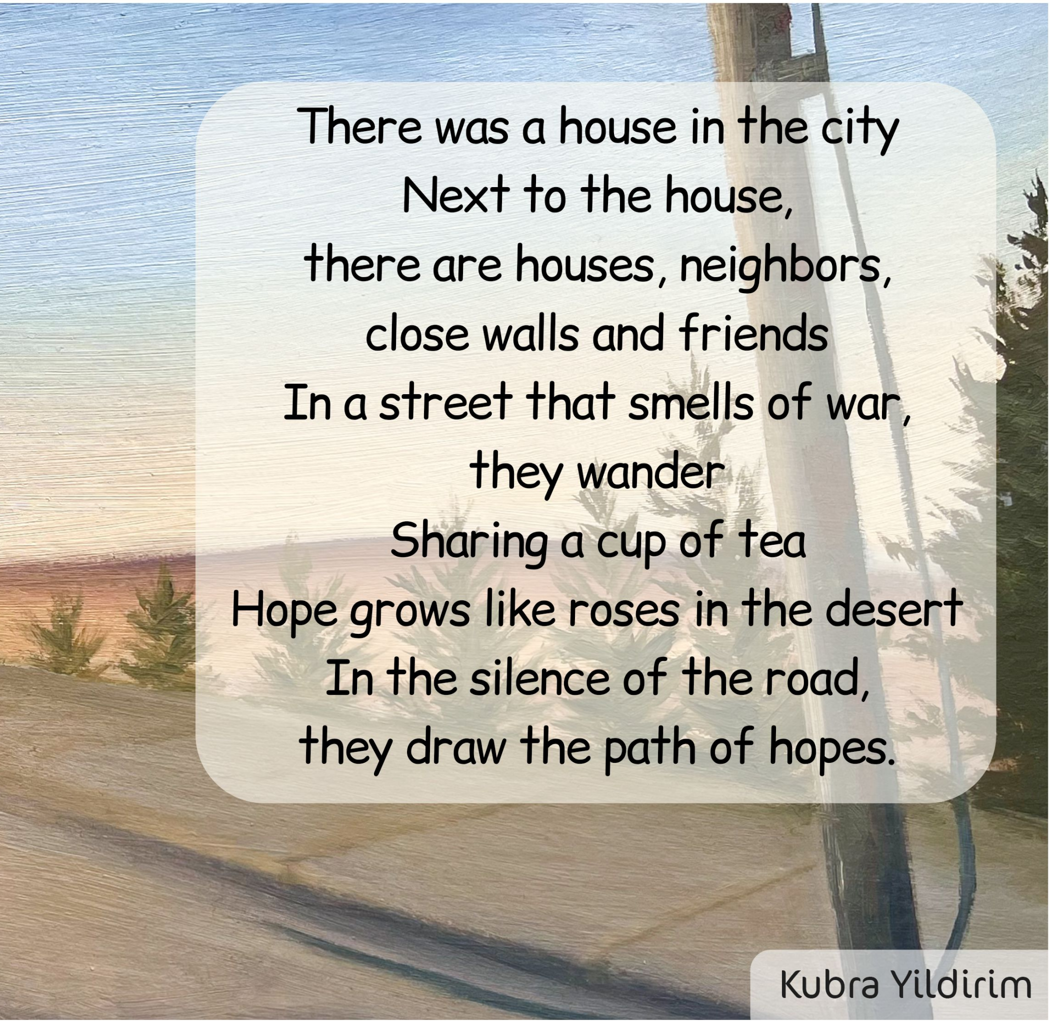

Inas



There was a house in the city
And in the house there is a boy
The house is near the press center
The boy left his house
And in his hands ,
a teapot and cups
To quench the thirst of young reporters
"I Do this because they are tired,
this is what Muslims do."

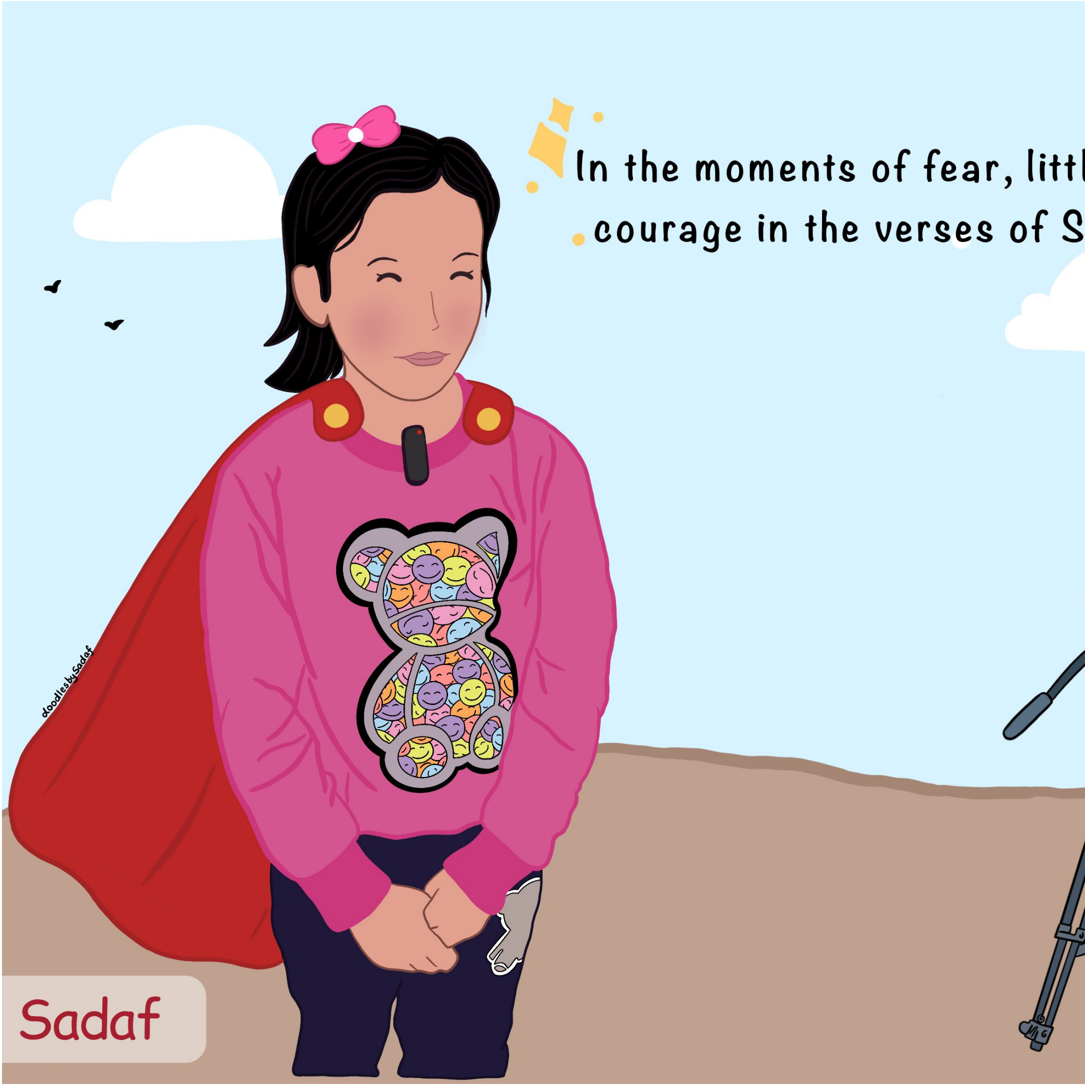
Ali Who





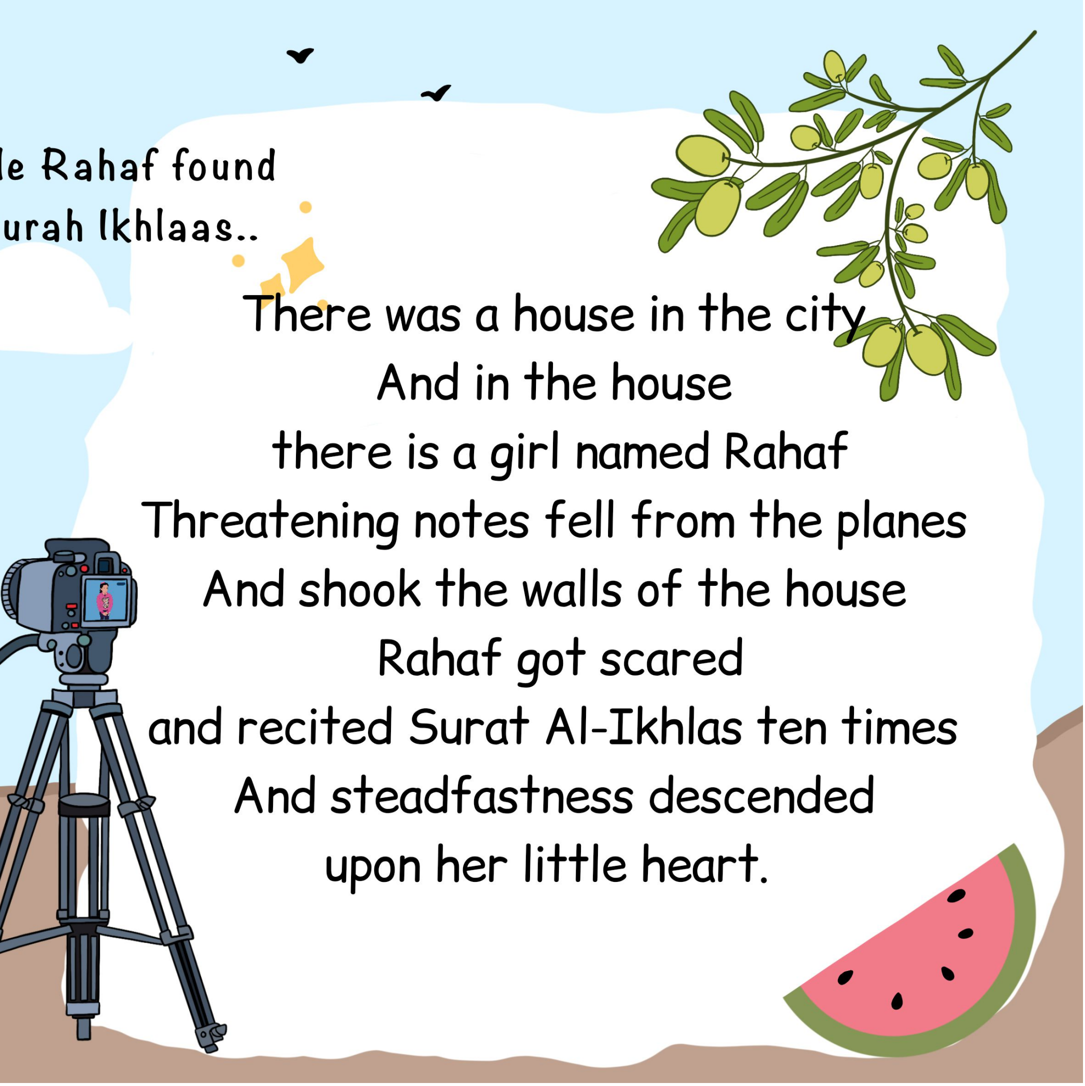
There was a house in the city
Next to the house,
there are houses, neighbors,
close walls and friends
In a street that smells of war,
they wander
Sharing a cup of tea
Hope grows like roses in the desert
In the silence of the road,
they draw the path of hopes.

Kubra Yildirim



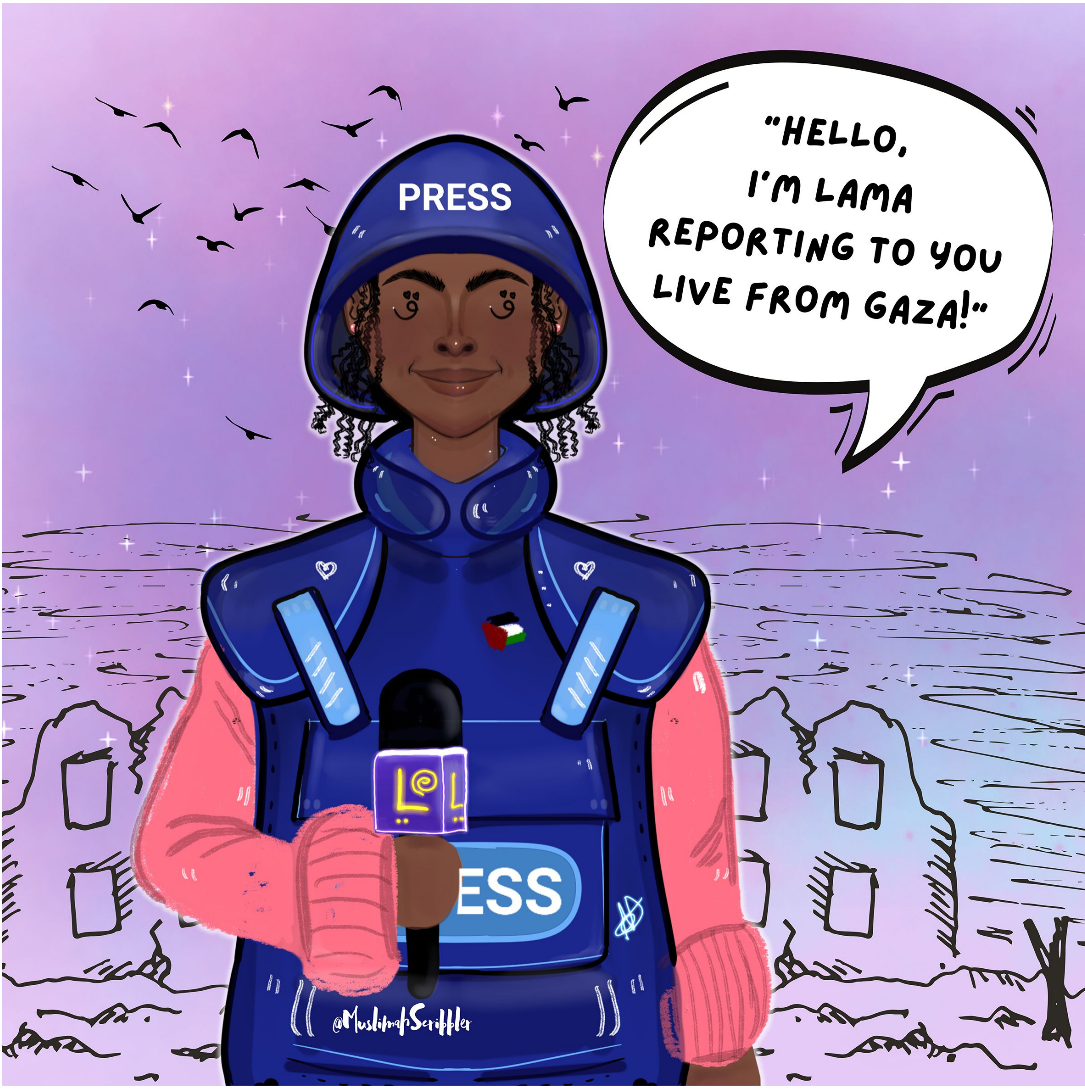
In the moments of fear, littl
courage in the verses of S

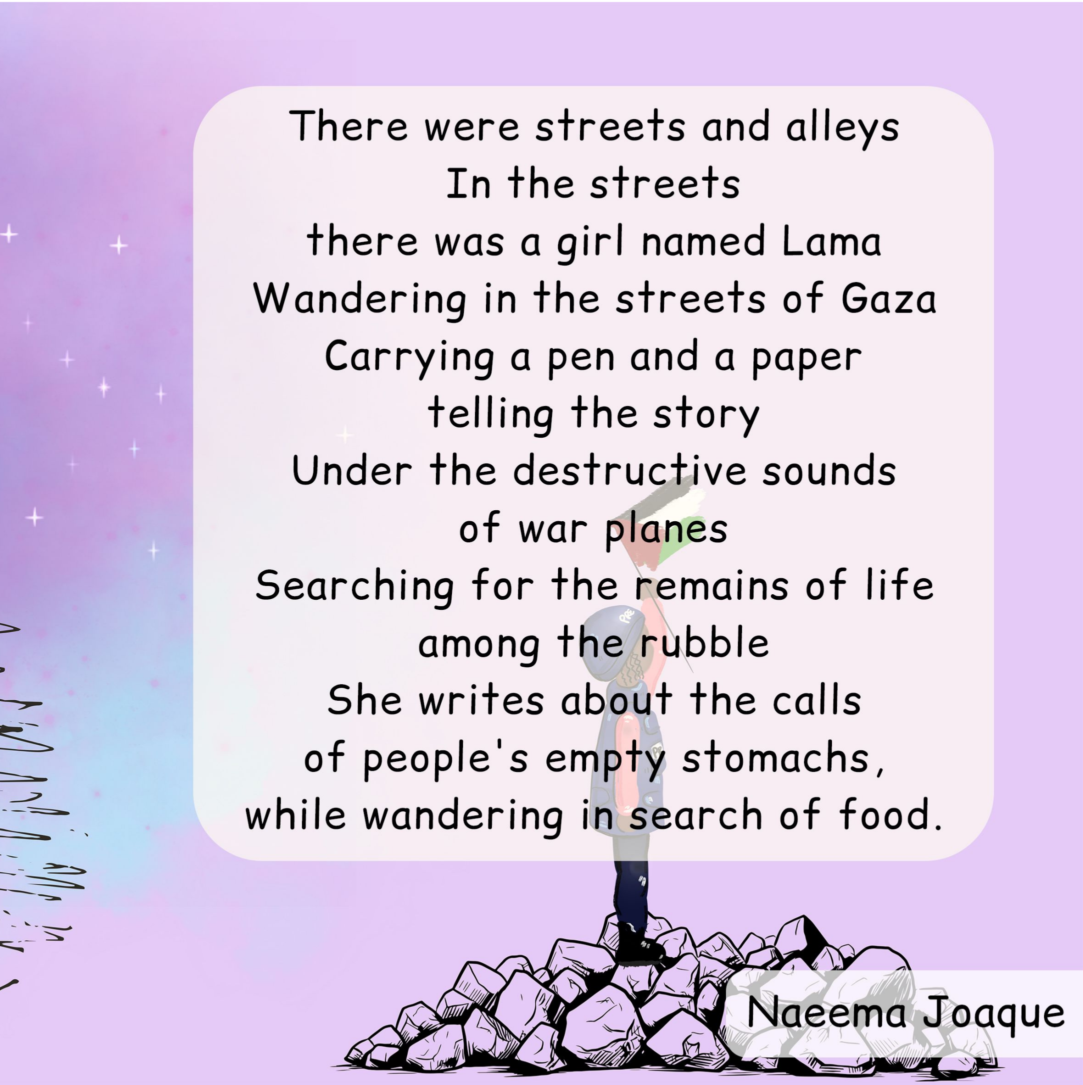
doodlesbySadaf
Sadaf



le Rahaf found
urah Ikhlaas..

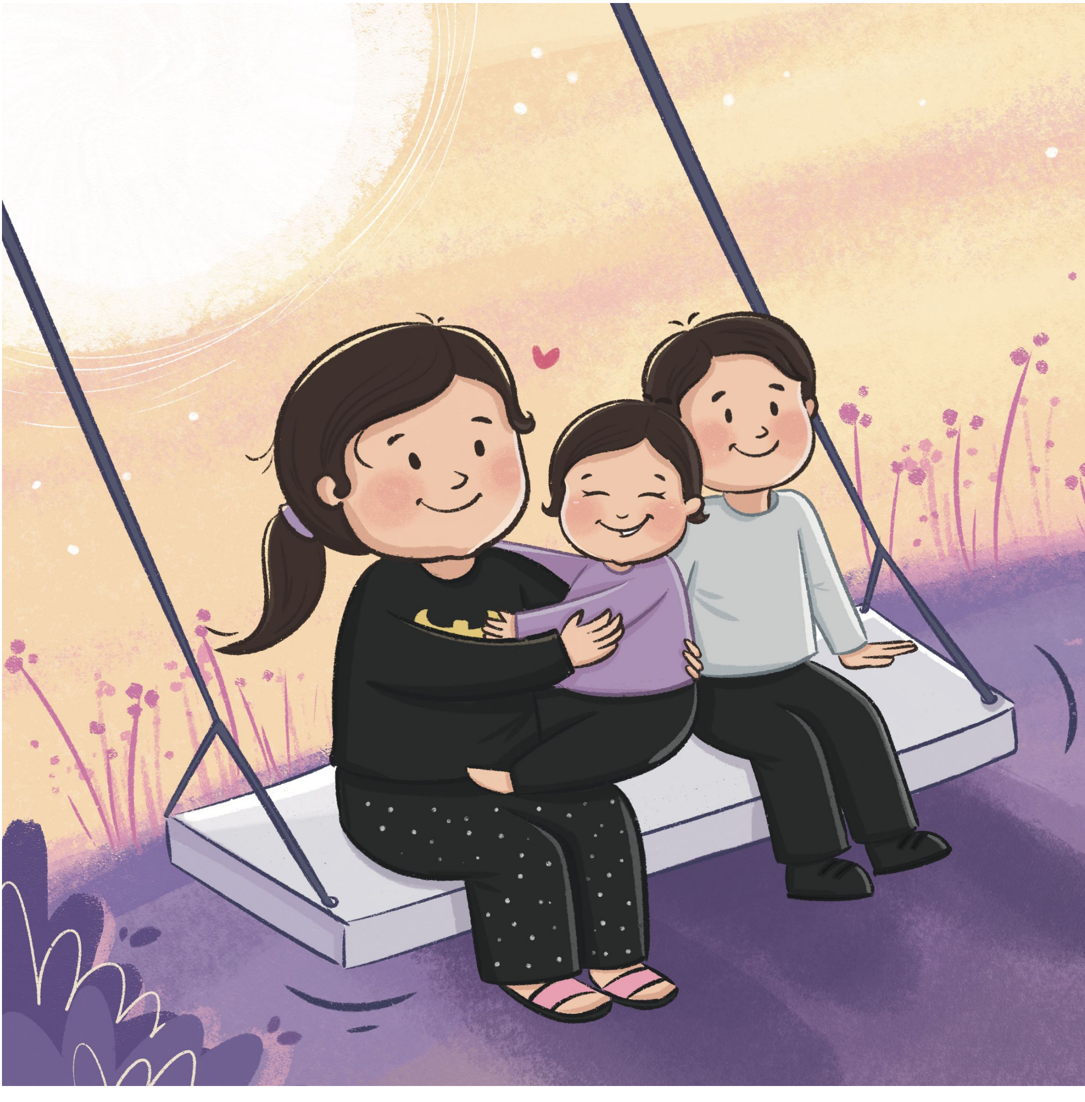
There was a house in the city
And in the house
there is a girl named Rahaf
Threatening notes fell from the planes
And shook the walls of the house
Rahaf got scared
and recited Surat Al-Ikhlas ten times
And steadfastness descended
upon her little heart.

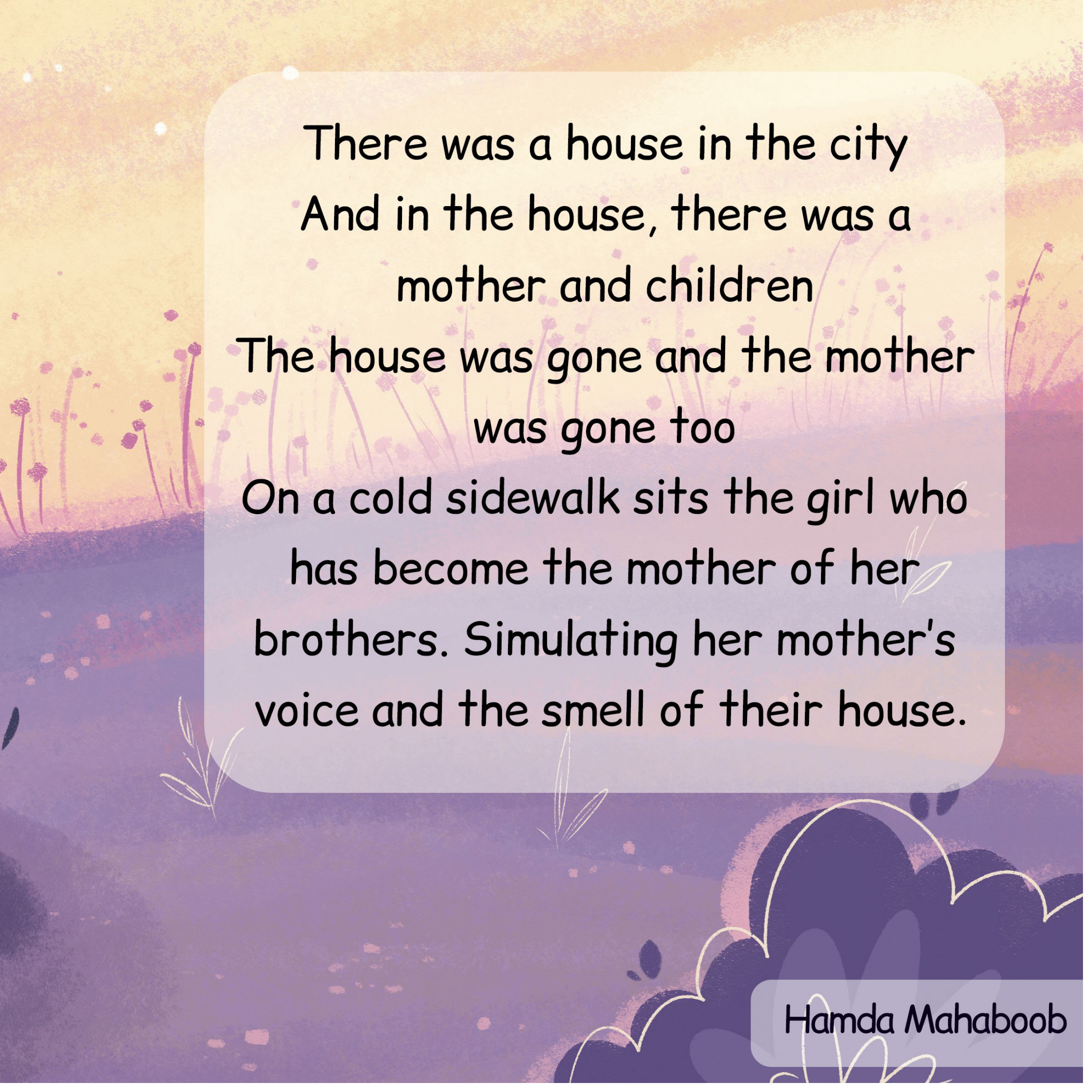

PRESS
"HELLO, I'M LAMA REPORTING TO YOU LIVE FROM GAZA!"
ESS
@MuslimahScribbler



There were streets and alleys
In the streets
there was a girl named Lama
Wandering in the streets of Gaza
Carrying a pen and a paper
telling the story
Under the destructive sounds
of war planes
Searching for the remains of life
among the rubble
She writes about the calls
of people's empty stomachs,
while wandering in search of food.

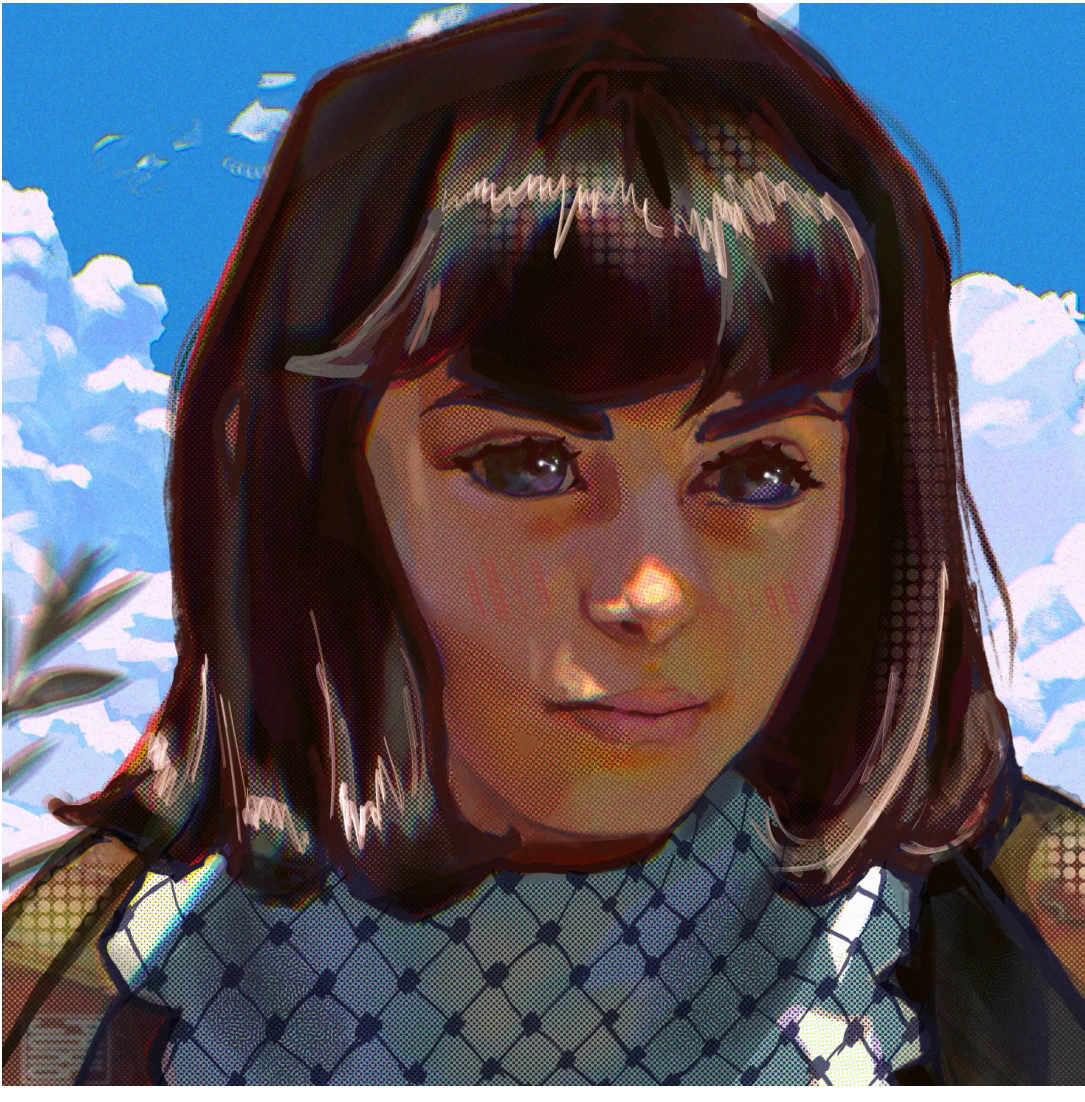
Naeema Joaque

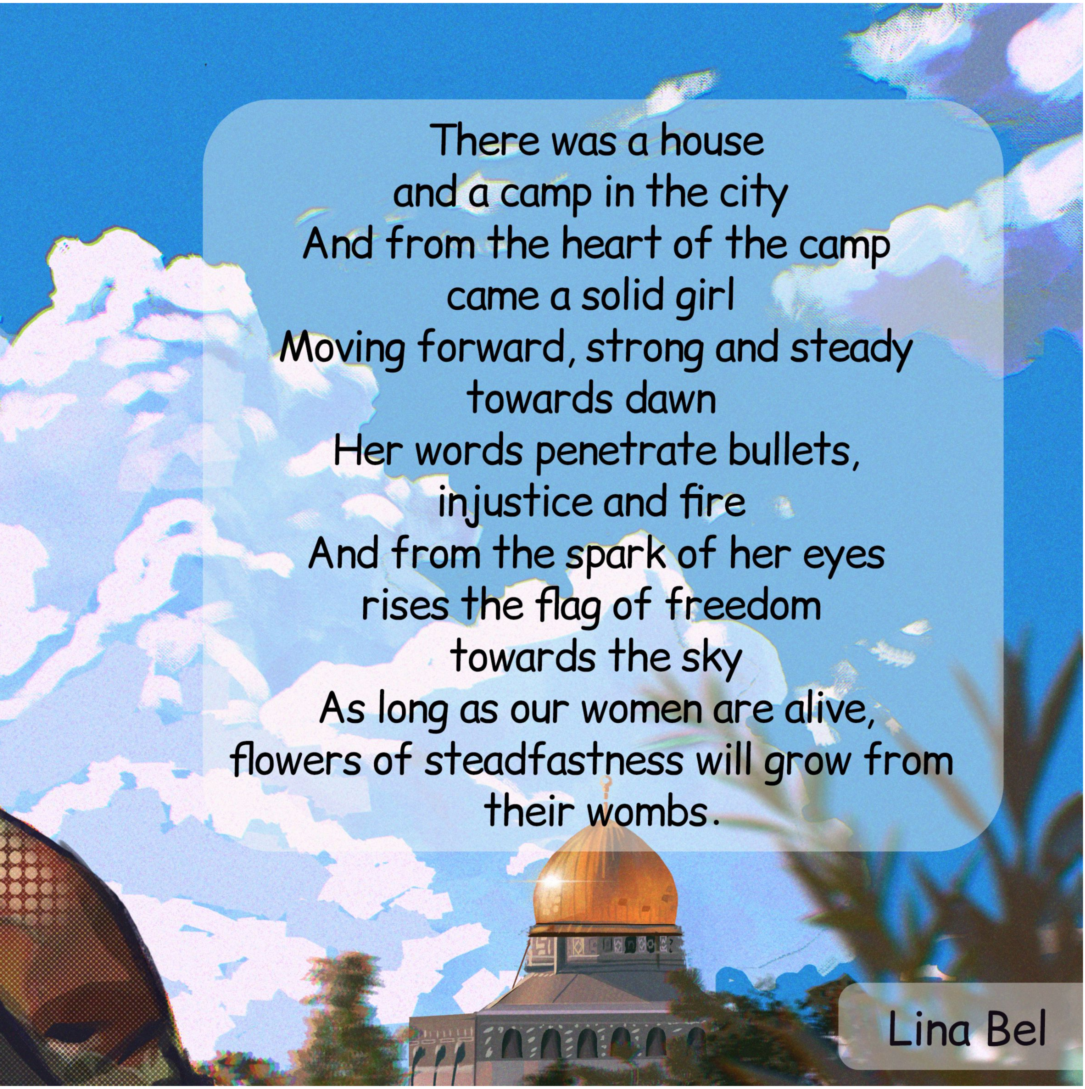




There was a house in the city
And in the house, there was a
mother and children
The house was gone and the mother
was gone too
On a cold sidewalk sits the girl who
has become the mother of her
brothers. Simulating her mother's
voice and the smell of their house.

Hamda Mahaboob





There was a house
and a camp in the city
And from the heart of the camp
came a solid girl
Moving forward, strong and steady
towards dawn
Her words penetrate bullets,
injustice and fire
And from the spark of her eyes
rises the flag of freedom
towards the sky
As long as our women are alive,
flowers of steadfastness will grow from
their wombs.

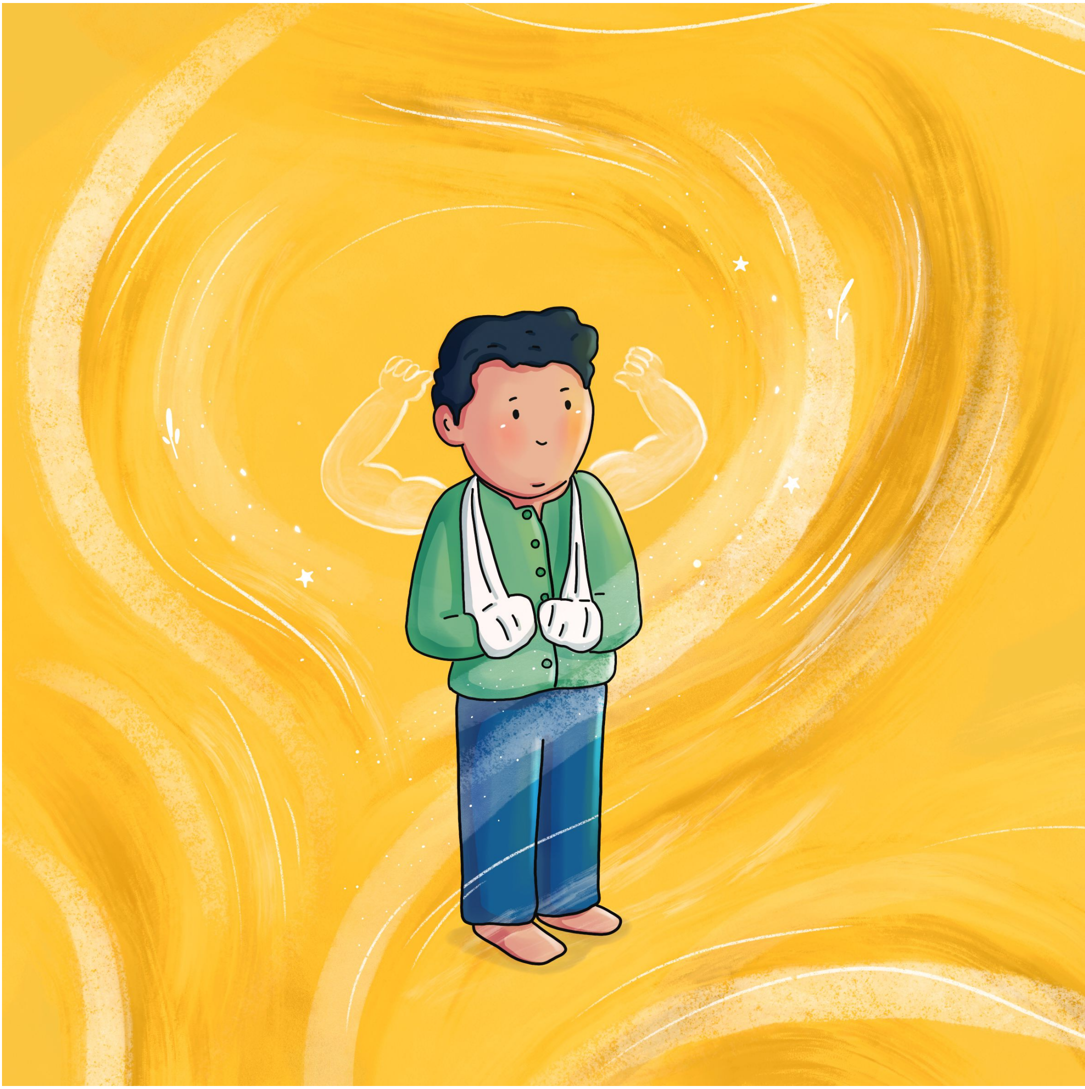
Lina Bel

حب غزة
مي كمسي

FREE PALESTINE
15 PALESTINE ١٥
פלשתינה א״י
فلسطين

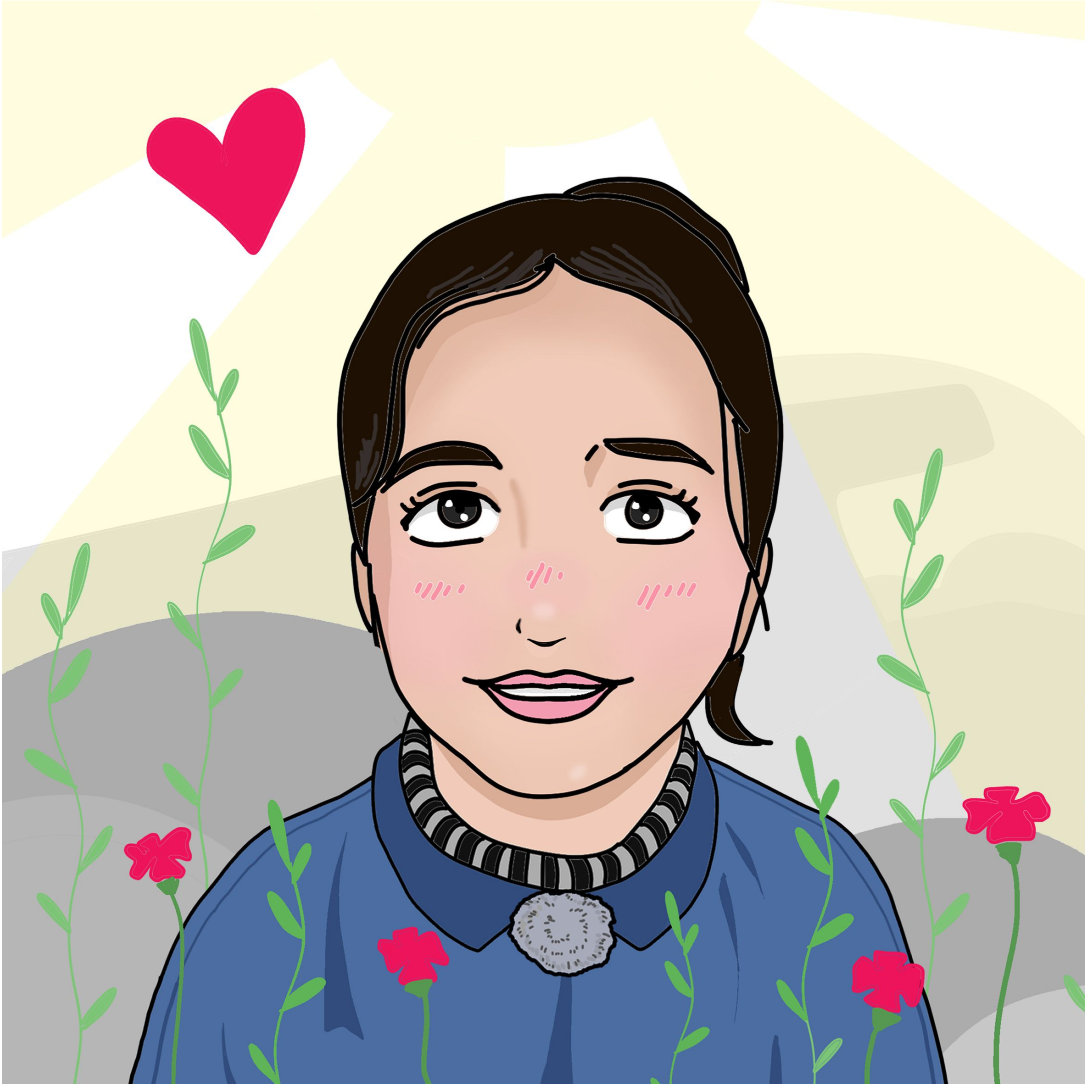
In the city, there was a house
And in the house,
there is Habiba
She loves her beloved Gaza
in all its circumstances
With its anger and stillness
Its sadness and its waves
crashing along the shore
Habiba slowly collects time
Until her father collects water
and returns
And until Gaza returns
as colorful as she wishes.

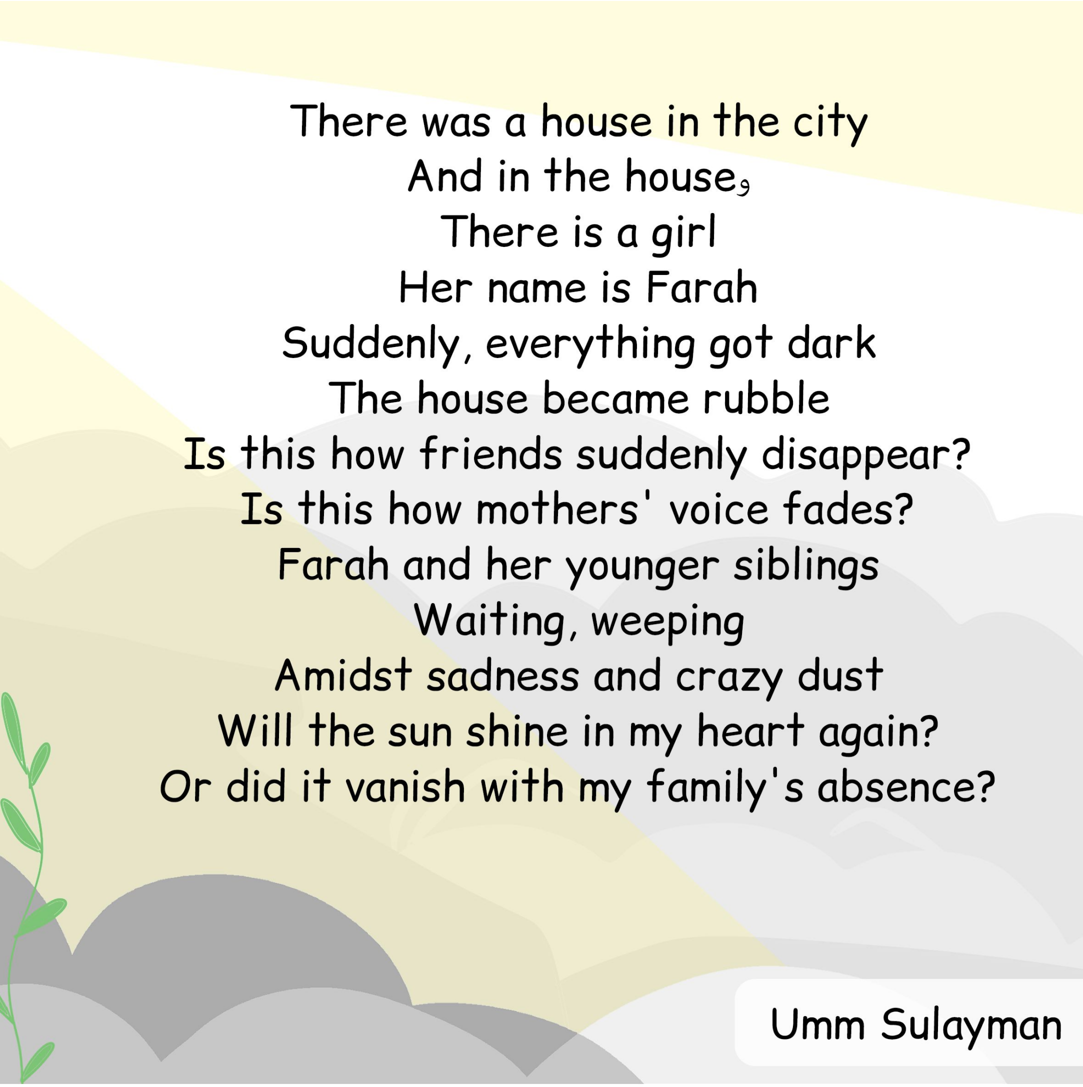
Mona Hossni



In the city
There was a prison,
and heroic children
The stones are their weapon
They became part of the news
In the Al-Ahrar deal
Even if their hands are broken
now..
The forearms of heroes
grow like trees.

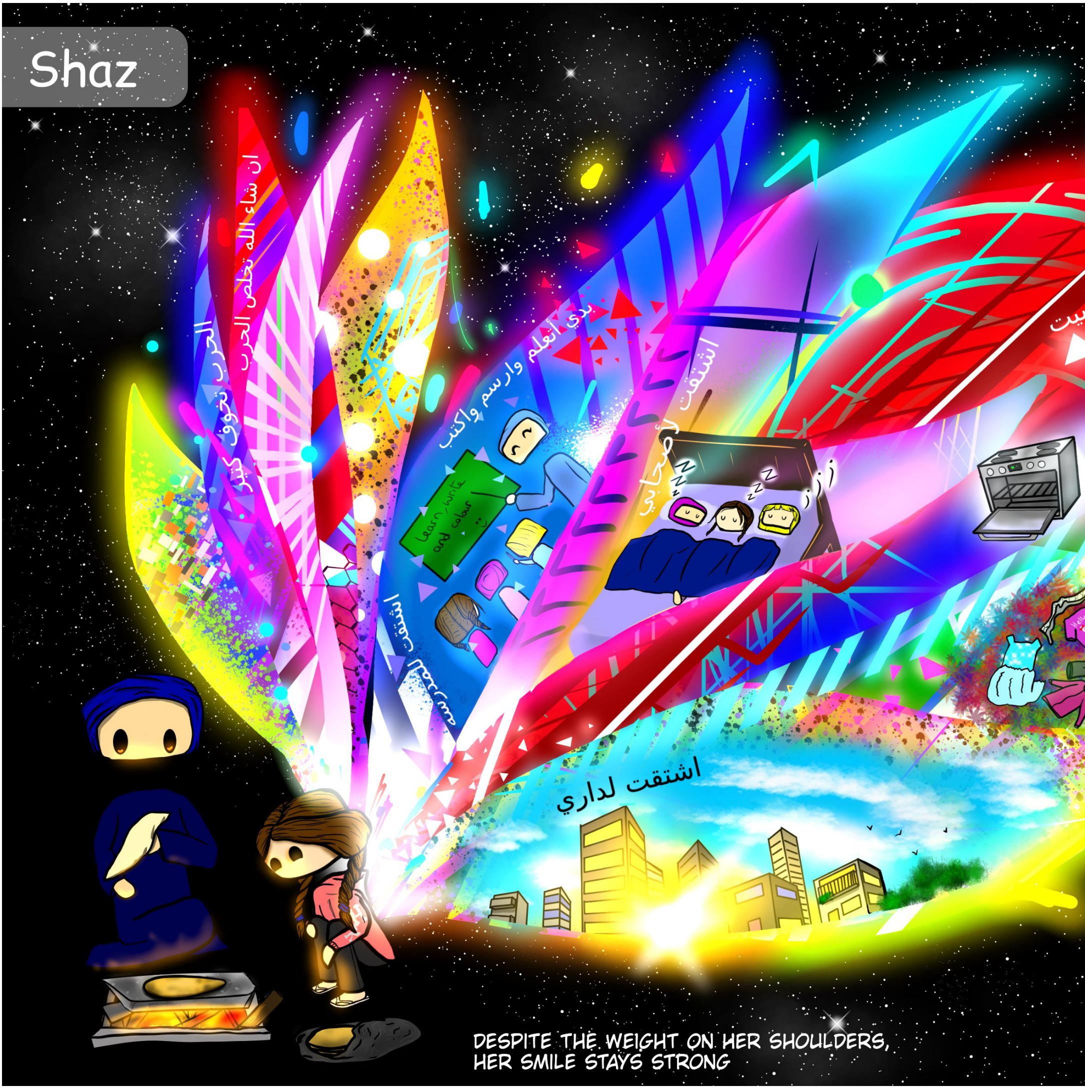
Sana J. Warsi



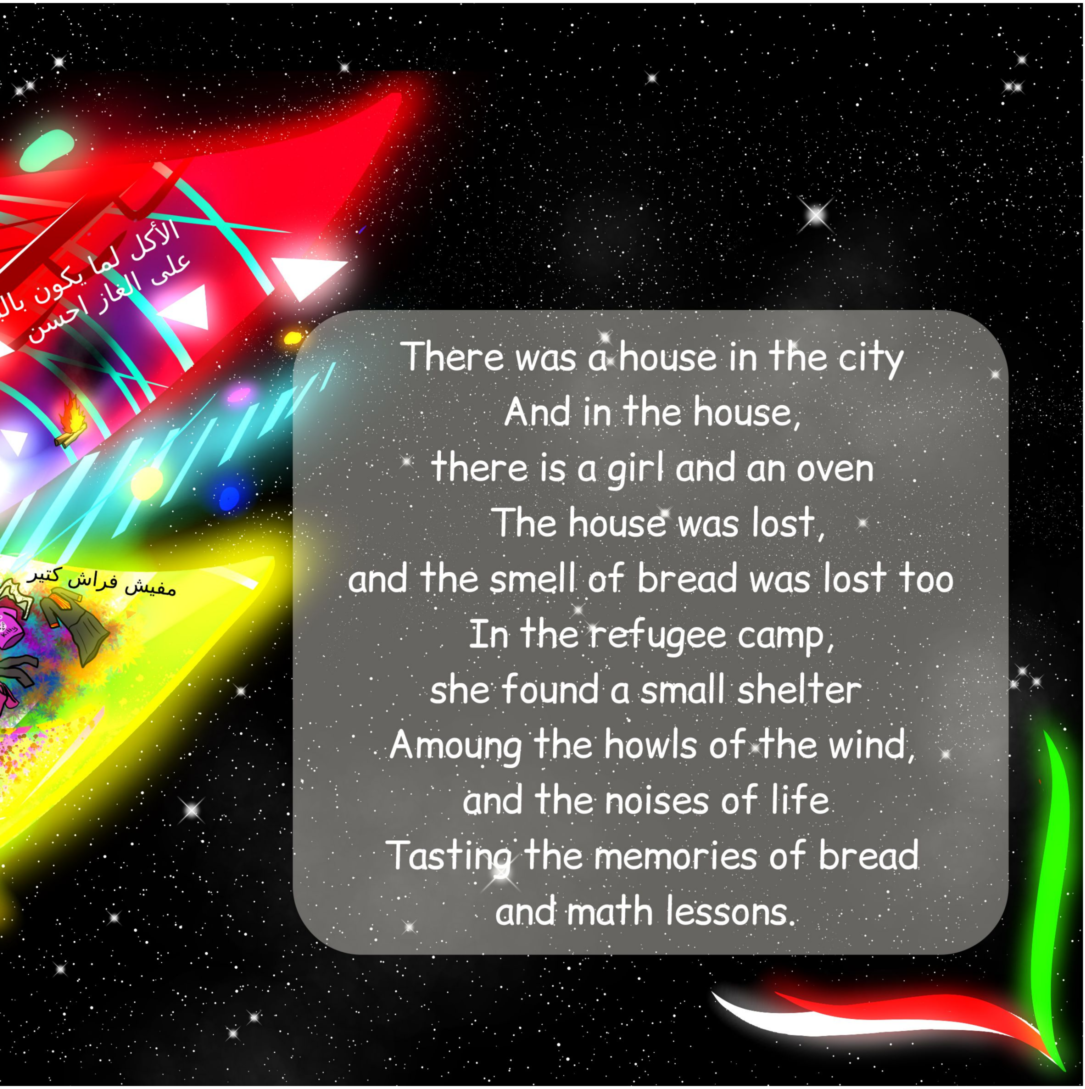


There was a house in the city
And in the houseو
There is a girl
Her name is Farah
Suddenly, everything got dark
The house became rubble
Is this how friends suddenly disappear?
Is this how mothers' voice fades?
Farah and her younger siblings
Waiting, weeping
Amidst sadness and crazy dust
Will the sun shine in my heart again?
Or did it vanish with my family's absence?

Umm Sulayman

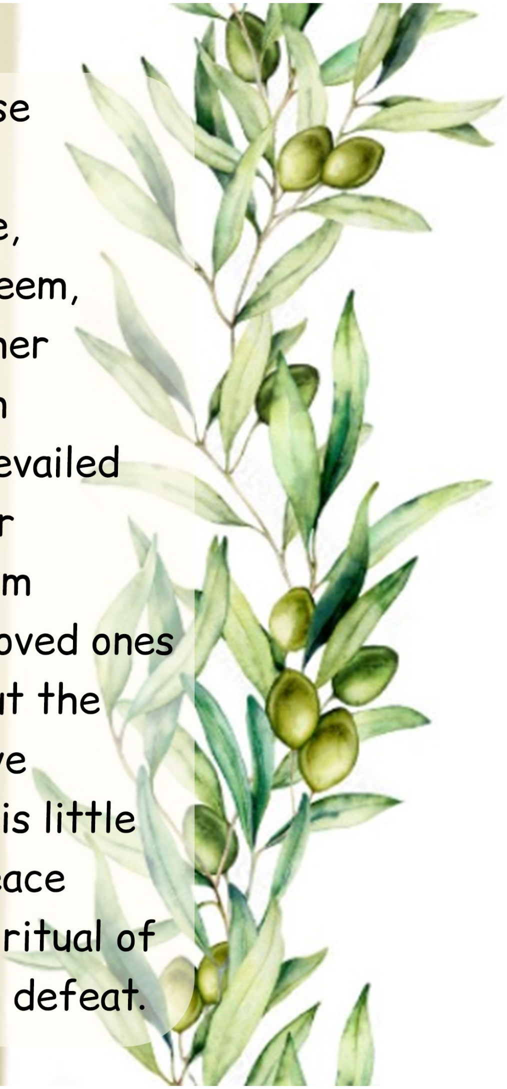

Shaz
ان شاء الله تخلص الحرب
الحرب تخوف كتير
بدي أتعلم وارسم واكتب
learn, write and colour :)
اشتقت [illegible]
اشتقت لأصحابي
zzz
ززز
اشتقت لداري

DESPITE THE WEIGHT ON HER SHOULDERS,
HER SMILE STAYS STRONG


الأكل لما يكون بال
على الغاز احسن
مفيش فراش كتير
Kitty

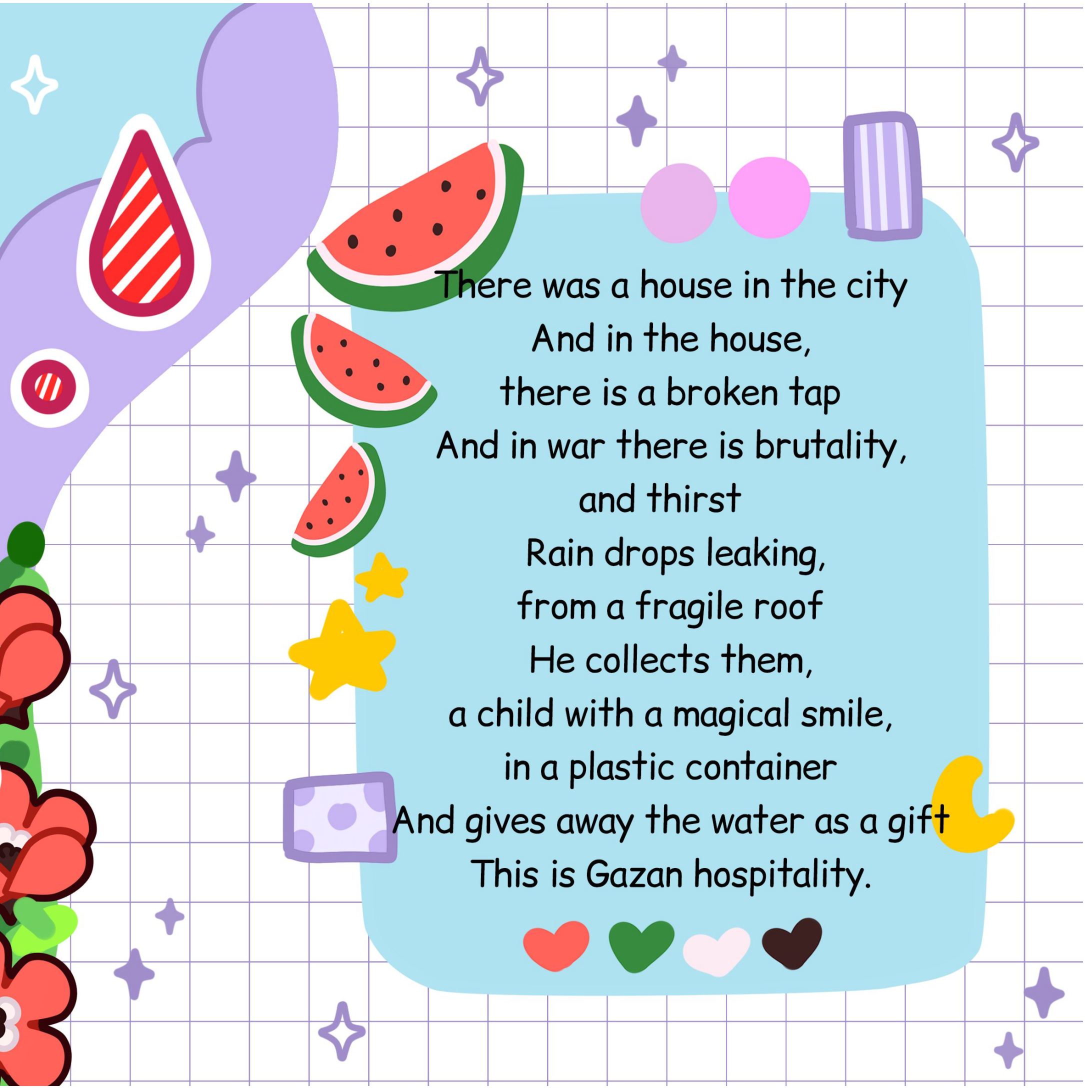
There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there is a girl and an oven
The house was lost,
and the smell of bread was lost too
In the refugee camp,
she found a small shelter
Amoung the howls of the wind,
and the noises of life
Tasting the memories of bread
and math lessons.

@doodles_by_shafi
Shafiya Rifal

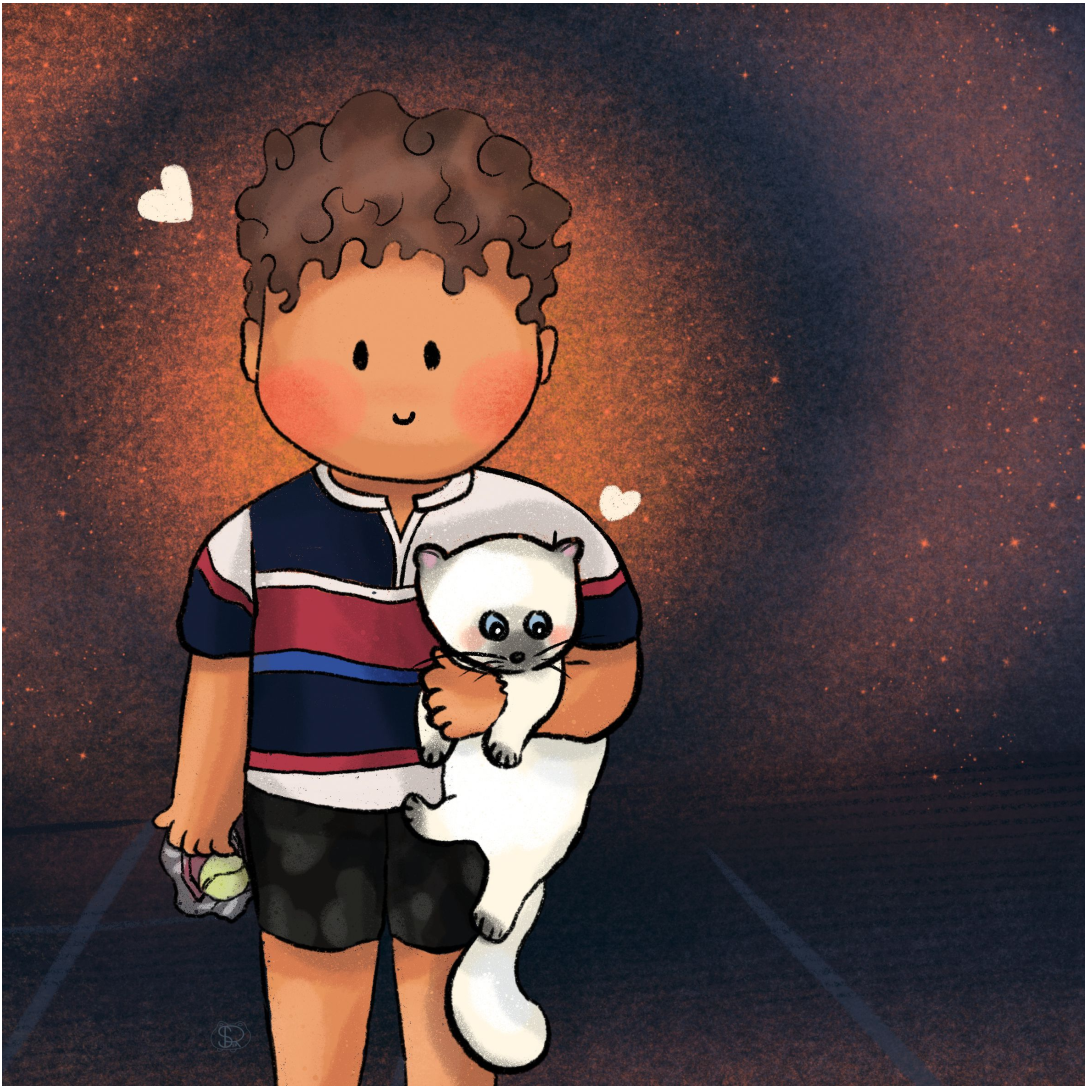


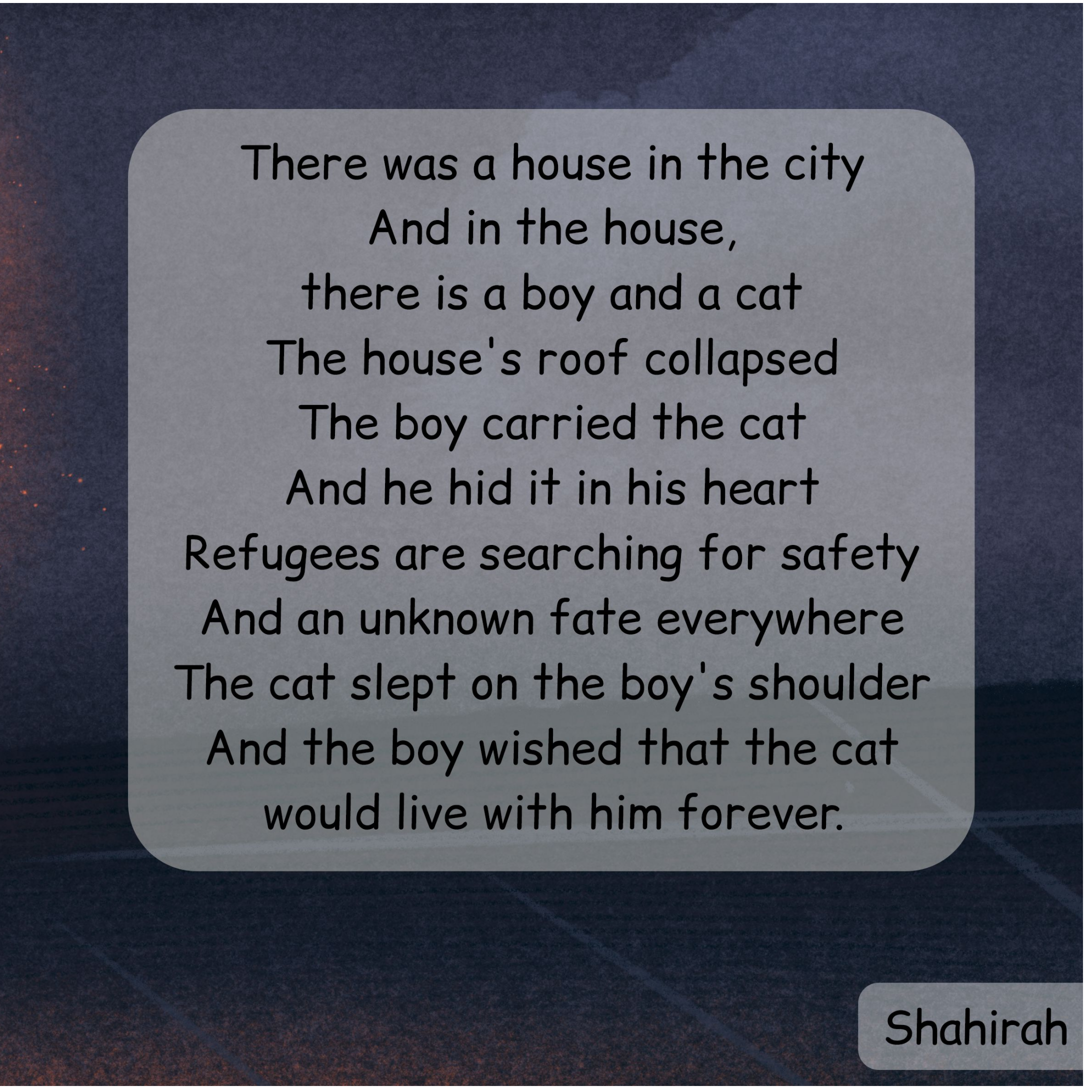
There was a house
in the city
And in the house,
there was pretty Reem,
and her grandfather
wearing a turban
One day, darkness prevailed
The grandfather
could'nt find Reem
He searched among his loved ones
and found nothing but the
whistling of a dove
The grandfather bid his little
deer farewell in peace
And taught us that the ritual of
farewell is victory, not defeat.

Zhar



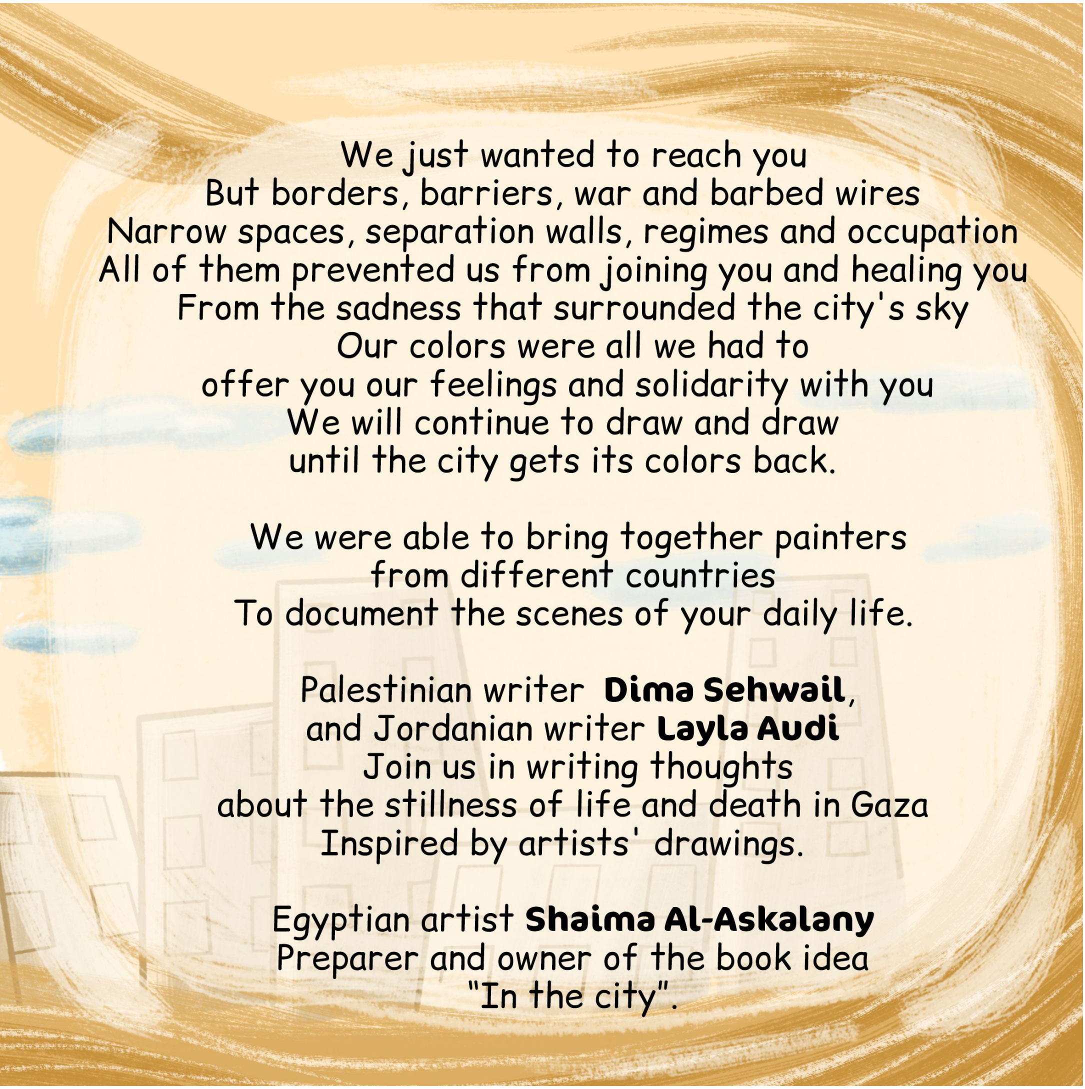
There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there is a broken tap
And in war there is brutality,
and thirst
Rain drops leaking,
from a fragile roof
He collects them,
a child with a magical smile,
in a plastic container
And gives away the water as a gift
This is Gazan hospitality.





There was a house in the city
And in the house,
there is a boy and a cat
The house's roof collapsed
The boy carried the cat
And he hid it in his heart
Refugees are searching for safety
And an unknown fate everywhere
The cat slept on the boy's shoulder
And the boy wished that the cat
would live with him forever.

Shahirah



We just wanted to reach you
But borders, barriers, war and barbed wires
Narrow spaces, separation walls, regimes and occupation
All of them prevented us from joining you and healing you
From the sadness that surrounded the city's sky
Our colors were all we had to
offer you our feelings and solidarity with you
We will continue to draw and draw
until the city gets its colors back.

We were able to bring together painters
from different countries
To document the scenes of your daily life.

Palestinian writer **Dima Sehwail**,
and Jordanian writer **Layla Audi**
Join us in writing thoughts
about the stillness of life and death in Gaza
Inspired by artists' drawings.

Egyptian artist **Shaima Al-Askalany**
Preparer and owner of the book idea
"In the city".